



**B.C.S. '72**











**B.C.S. '72**

**the magazine of  
bishop's college school  
lennoxville, que.**







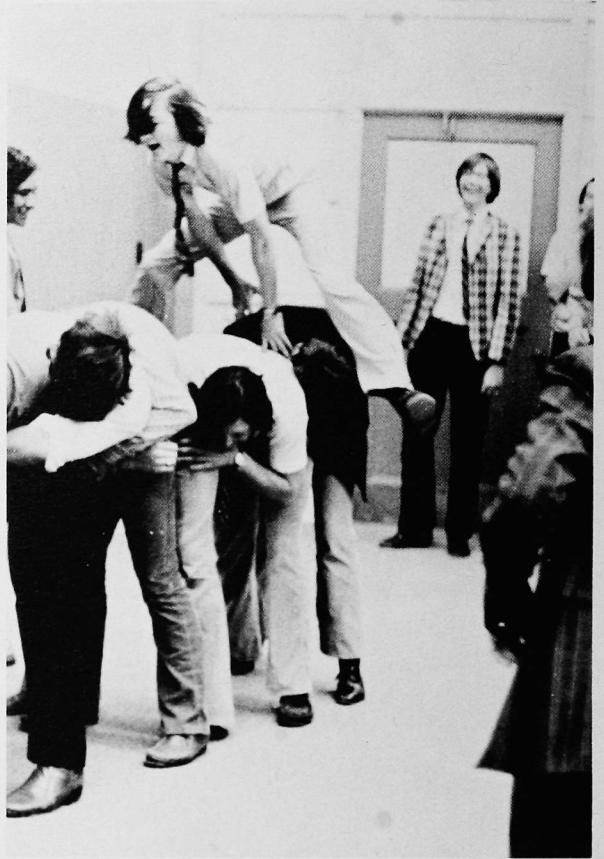
# FEATURE ARTICLE



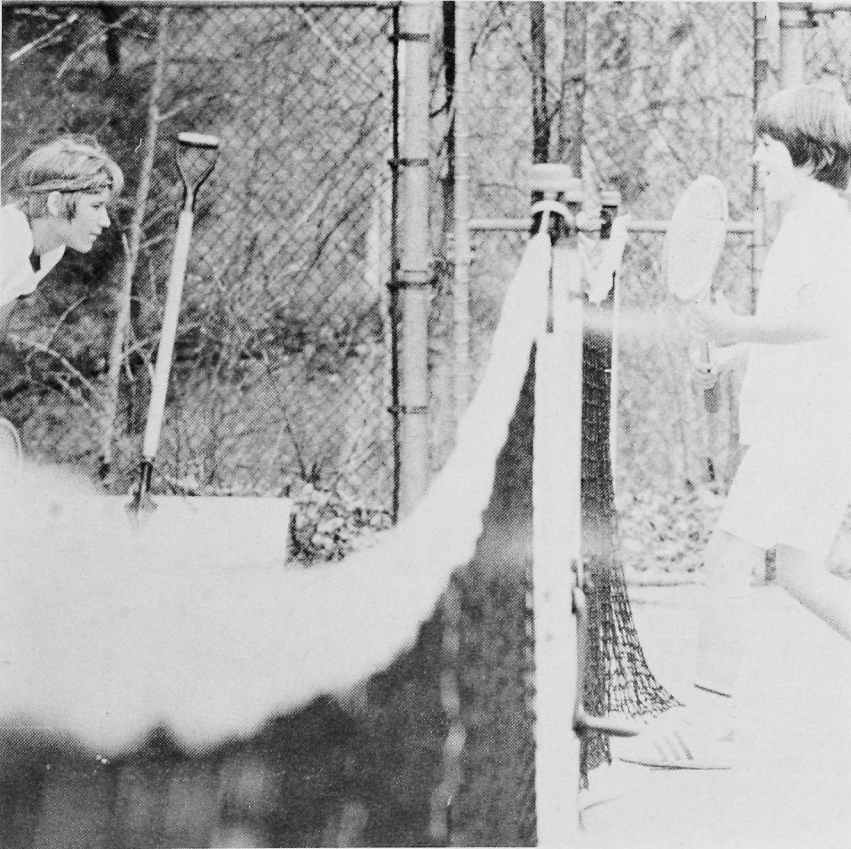


The year of 1971-72 for B.C.S. is over. This magazine as a whole tries to record it. This particular section attempts a preface, or rather, a review of the year. It is framed to "feature" those particular moments and major events that characterized it, not as an average year but one marked as an exception.

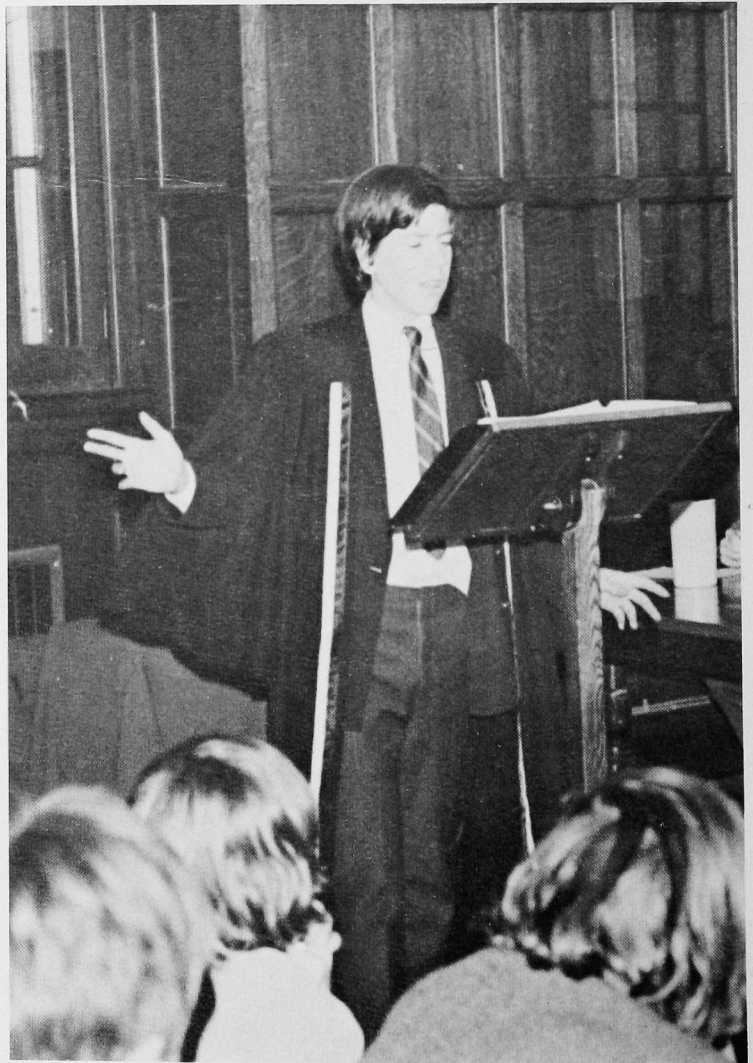
Events and dates don't form the year. Instead, it is the general feeling, the tone that sets the quality of the events and dates. Those facts, in turn, reflect the year. In September the masters, and especially the prefects, were there to make things roll, not to set limitations. A tie and jacket weren't needed for supper. The fiasco of hair was finally settled and the limits of length were loosened. These were trivial, petty sources for much friction and they had come to an end. Cadets was changed from drill and marching to an afternoon of activities. One could choose from fire-fighting, hunter safety, driver's education, first aid and life-saving. New Boy line was an educational invitation to the school not a monkey line for prefects to let out steam on the new boys and subject them to a caste out of which they weren't allowed to rise. Bitter, wounding 'rap' no longer seemed to be such a truth at school. Not quite like before, this year seemed to give more of an opportunity. The individual felt he could stress more in his own field. This feeling was carried through and led by our seniors and Seventh Form. They were going to make something out of what they did.















As in every year there were things that didn't pull through well and things that just turned over and died. Yet 1972 was studded with enough good events to bleach out those bad. King's Hall was, for the first time, under the same management and it was no problem for the "other sex" to join in almost every major activity. The girls' presence made things much more natural and made the sightseeing much more pleasant. They bused over here for everything from Driver's Ed. to cheerleading. Together we could do many more things with benefit from both sides.

Good feeling strengthened with the variety of these many things. Events like Mountain Day straight down to the lectures given by outside speakers and to the Sunday afternoon skating with the girls gave the needed breaks. To climb up the endless cliffs of Mount Mansfield and to face nature with its beauty and biting cold tore us completely away. We returned from Mountain Day refreshed. This experience was further undertaken by a group called Mountain Country. By the end of June they have tracked over 200 miles of Appalachian Mountains. A group initiated just this year, it is a benefit and experience for all who take part.

Everything began to truly roll as the Tea Dance came into sight. It was an example of full participation and the spirit to do a thing well. A dance is a small thing to take note of yet its quality and success indicated much. The Winter Carnival was another example of bustling activity. The Fifth Form worked together to produce three days of just plain good old fun. Drama has reached a peak. More and more boys have found acting to be in their field of interest. There has been our own production of "Child's Play", a King's Hall production "I Remember Mama", one act from "Macbeth", the Lennoxville Players' "My Fair Lady" and, for the first time, a House Drama Festival, providing a wide opportunity. This keen interest brought out a high calibre that probably never before had been reached. Debating, too, has reached a great interest and a new high. Under Mr. McFarlane, Agora's program has been widened to include a quarter of the school's population. Its liveliness has given strength known throughout the country. The school won the Quebec Independent Schools Championship and had top debaters in both the Provincials and the Nationals and, above all, it was responsible for and host of the first Provincial Debating tournament in Quebec's history.

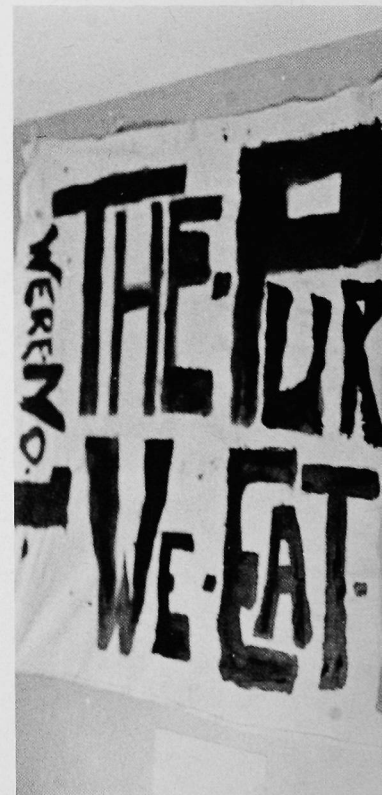


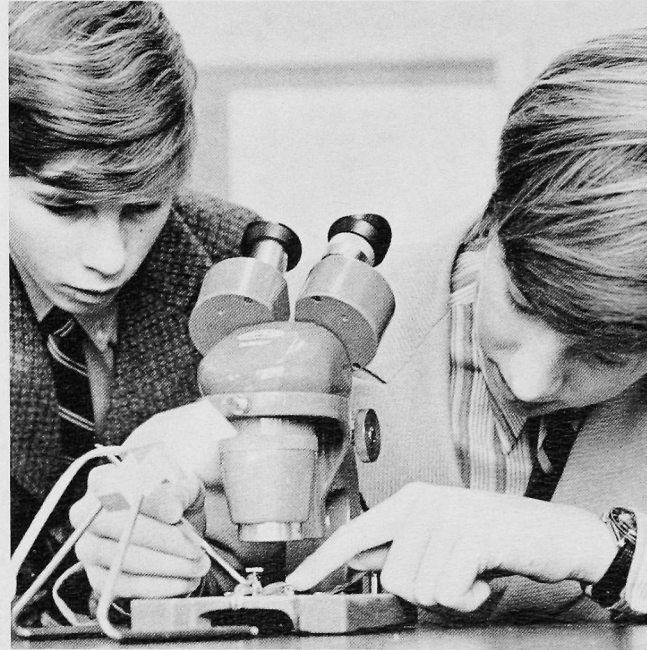
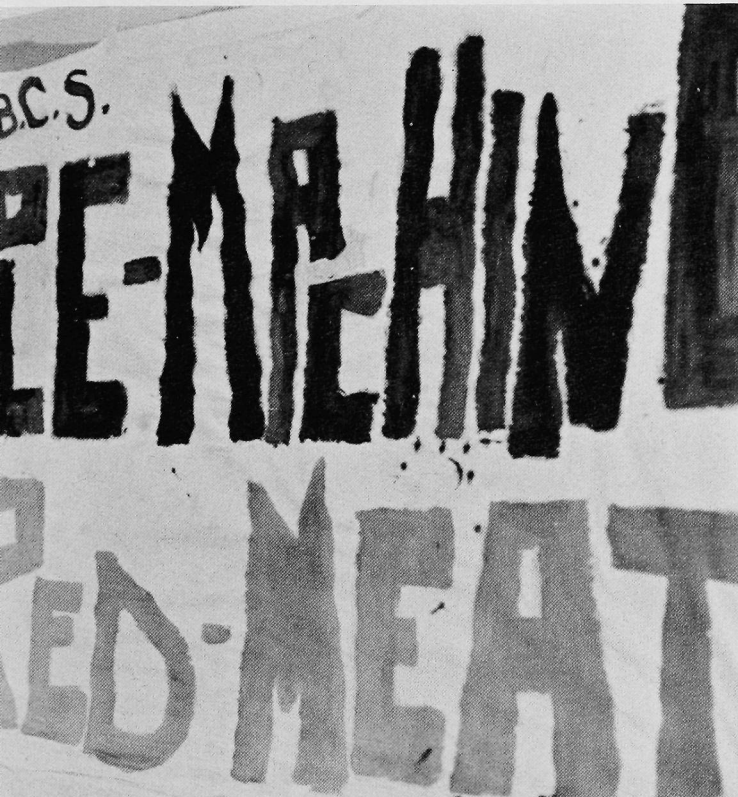


For a school of two hundred we've succeeded in some amazing accomplishments. Sports has to be near the top of the list. Granted we had some talent; however, this year it was put to its fullest service. The coaches, and especially some of the new ones, seemed to instill a fresh incentive and the boys worked for this higher standard with a strong spirit. The spirit was not only within the teams themselves but in the whole school. It was difficult to talk after games, not necessarily because we were so overwhelmed but because we were hoarse from cheering. It all seemed to pay off as we won seven out of a possible thirteen championships. Nothing more need be said.

School is to educate and all this extra-curriculum is part of our learning. But do we have time to do anything in the classroom? Academics also follows the trend. Courses have been widened more and more. Art, for instance, now includes almost all there is to know about it. The enthusiasm has brought quality as can be seen from the end products displayed at the art room, dances and on the mural walls. A course on wine has even been brought into the Seventh Form. Accomplishment shows as at Easter twenty-eight per cent of the school received academic achievement ties. This is the highest per cent ever since the recognition has been established.

The achievements have been listed but they don't determine the success of the year as the feeling involved does. Individuals weren't striving just for themselves. This can be seen in the social service group. Under Mr. Art Campbell they have flourished to aid those underprivileged who need our help. Over three hundred dollars was raised for the Foster Parents Plan on one walkathon. The thing that brought the year through as such a success was the better feeling one had for the other guy.







There are three leading men who have made a great sacrifice to serve the school this year as they have served the many years before. Yet with deepest regret from all their terms now end at B.C.S. The boys, having only known their last years at B.C.S., could not tribute enough Mr. Evans, Mr. Patriquin and Mr. Large and their wives with a dinner at 'Au Petit Sabot' and token gifts. Something more has to be said.

Thirty-eight years ago Mr. Evans began his stay as a master in the Prep. From there he began his devotion to his students and the school. It was not so long until he adopted from the boys the nickname Uncle Lew because it portrayed his character — a kind, gentle guy who would take you in as part of the family yet still, if something wasn't keeping it up to par, would have no hesitation in letting you know. Under this philosophy Uncle Lew flourished and was respected and loved by all. He began with drama. From near scratch he has put together a Player's Club that has become a major and integral part of life at school. His involvement with the community also brought into existence the Lennoxville Players. He finished his directing career with a boom as he put together with genuine talent a superb production of 'My Fair Lady'. Way before we started winning the Triangle Meet, Mr. Evans launched skiing on a major and competitive basis. He coached many a winning team and, without doubt, has brought skiing here

to stay. For many years he took charge of the school magazine and even had it out by the Closing in June (a note to the Editor). Yet above all this, and including even his term as housemaster, he was a teacher. As head of the English Department he was a man who first made sure you knew the fundamentals. Then you would excel through his inspiration, knowledge and talent. To Uncle Lew and Betty for all you've built up, done and cared for we love you and, by God, are we ever going to miss you.

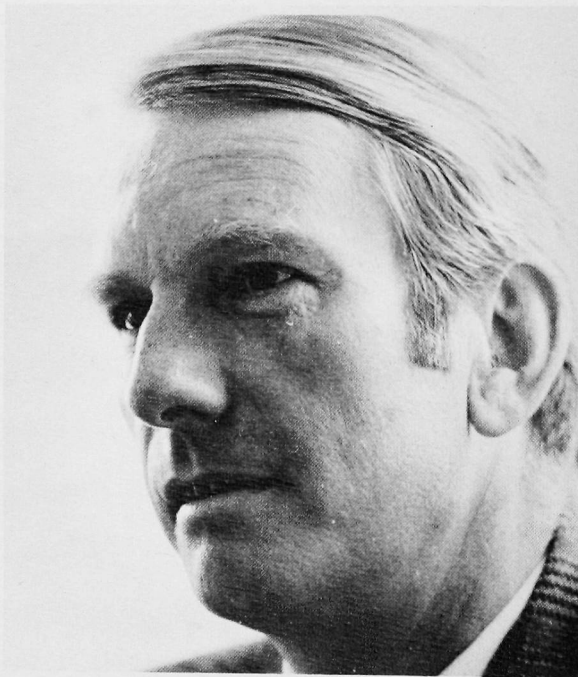
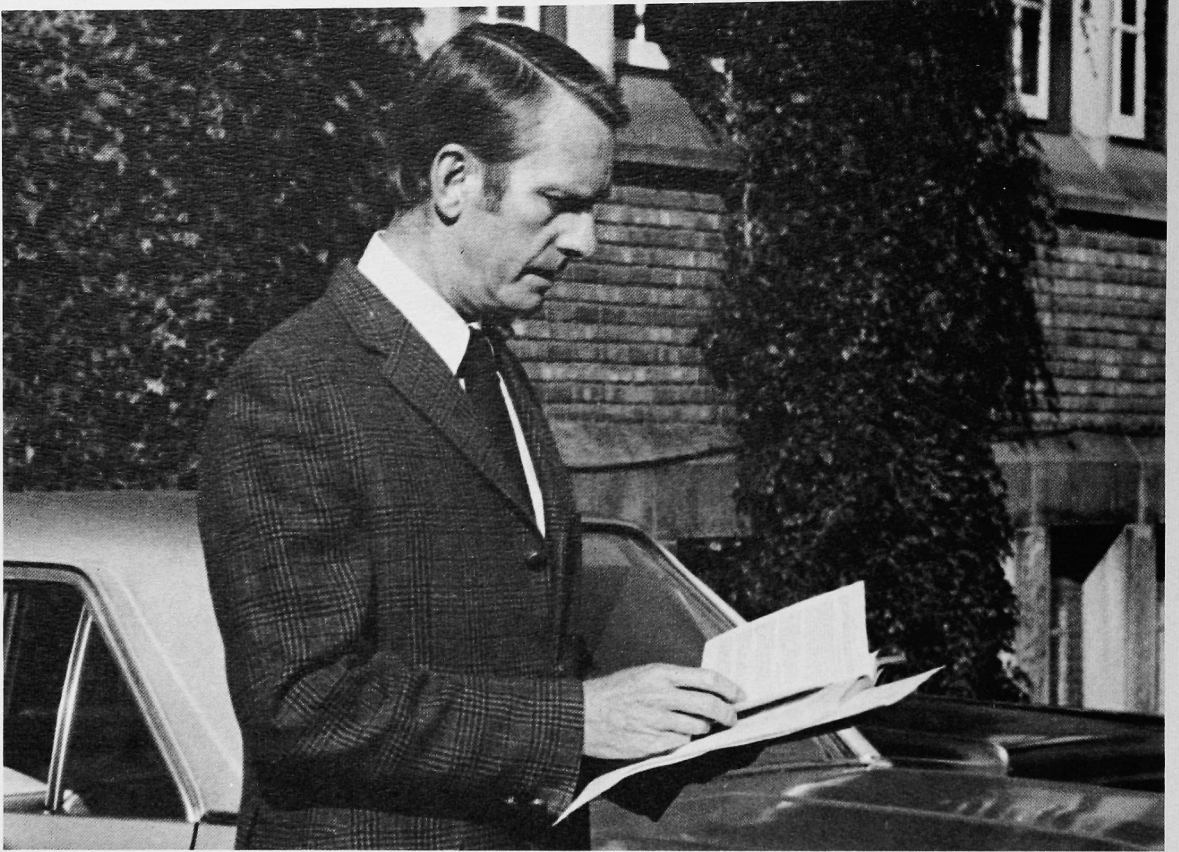
As Graham Patriquin left with a hush in mid-May for his hip and knee operation we realized in his absence that a part of school had left with him. A man who had devoted his life to the school, Mr. Patriquin carried a great deal of its tradition, pride and service. His devotion to the school was performed through a high set of ideals and principles that he would never let fall through. With unbounded spirit and strength he undertook countless responsibilities.

His first responsibility was being a teacher. He is known throughout the province for his enthusiasm and intellectual pursuit to educate his students in the subject of History. He put in endless time in the rifle range as he did for the Annual Cross Country and Sports Day. All of which he did with top efficiency and smooth organization.









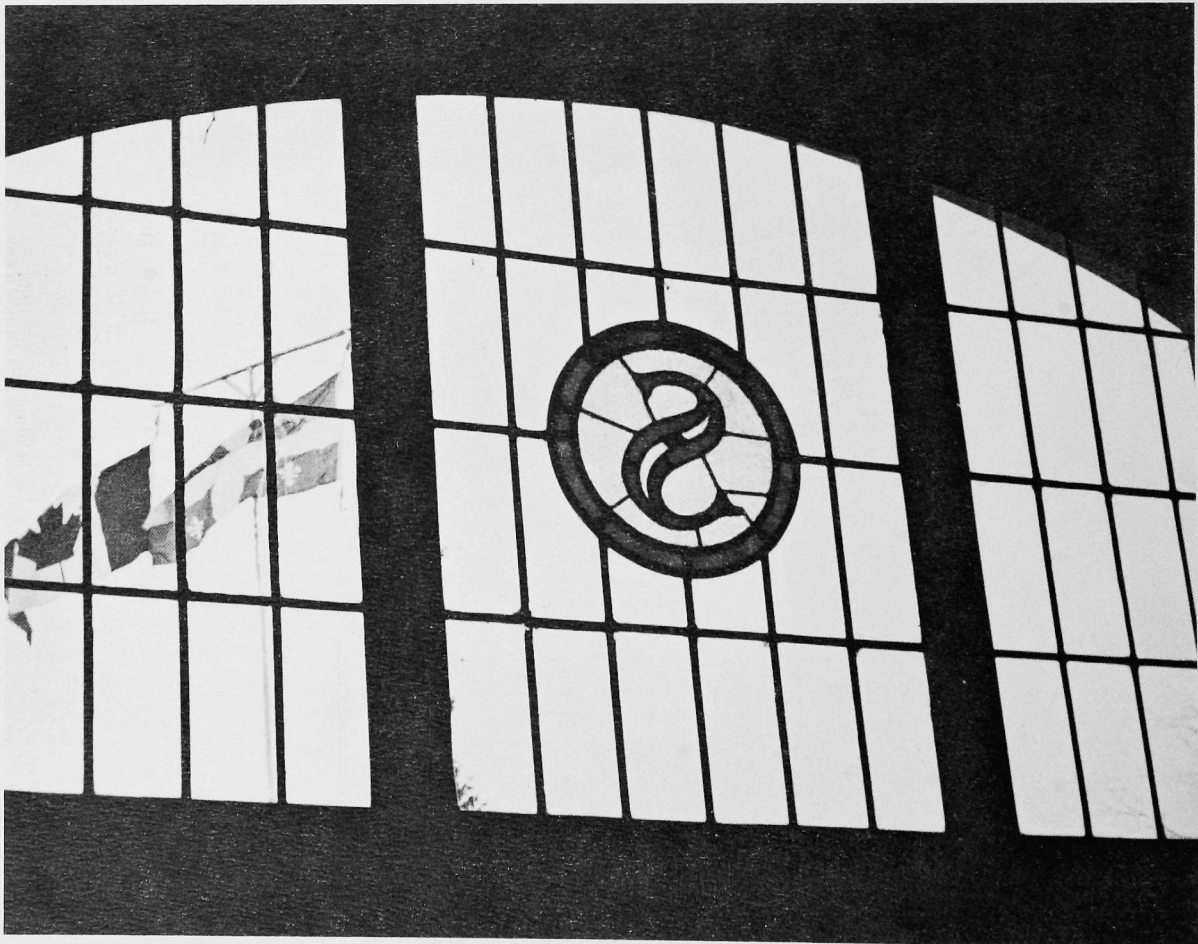


Mr. Patriquin is almost singularly responsible for minor hockey development in school and the Eastern Townships. He coached team after team and strove for the highest code of sportsmanship at B.C.S. as an example to all the area. The strength of his devotion and the people's gratitude was shown with the presentation of the Graham Patriquin Trophy awarded to the Eastern Townships Midget Hockey Champions.

Graham has long been the only source of school records. He has taken great care to keep the Old Boys connected with the school and the school connected with the Old Boys. He has been the editor and the sole backbone of the Old Boys' Bulletin for many, many years. There he has led us as our man of B.C.S. As a man responsible to the individual he praised when one was worthy and tried to aid when one was in need. He strove only for excellency in this school. Graham Patriquin will be a missing link hard to replace.

The last of these three great men is our headmaster, Mr. Large. He had become so strongly attached and devoted to the school that he took each student's and each master's concern as his own. He had a common interest to guide each individual as part of the school. To every hockey game, to every school play and to every other school event there would be our Headmaster. In his nine years his personal relation to all that functions in the school has broken down many of the old barriers. He emphasized that there are not classes of masters, prefects, students and new boys but a group working for one another. Stewart listened to all and his fairness furthered the progress of the school with many new undertakings. The accomplishments that have come under him are endless. This year is one of them and it has been a grande finale. With his leadership the school has become a better place. As Mr. Large made his closing speech we honoured and respected him — we always will.

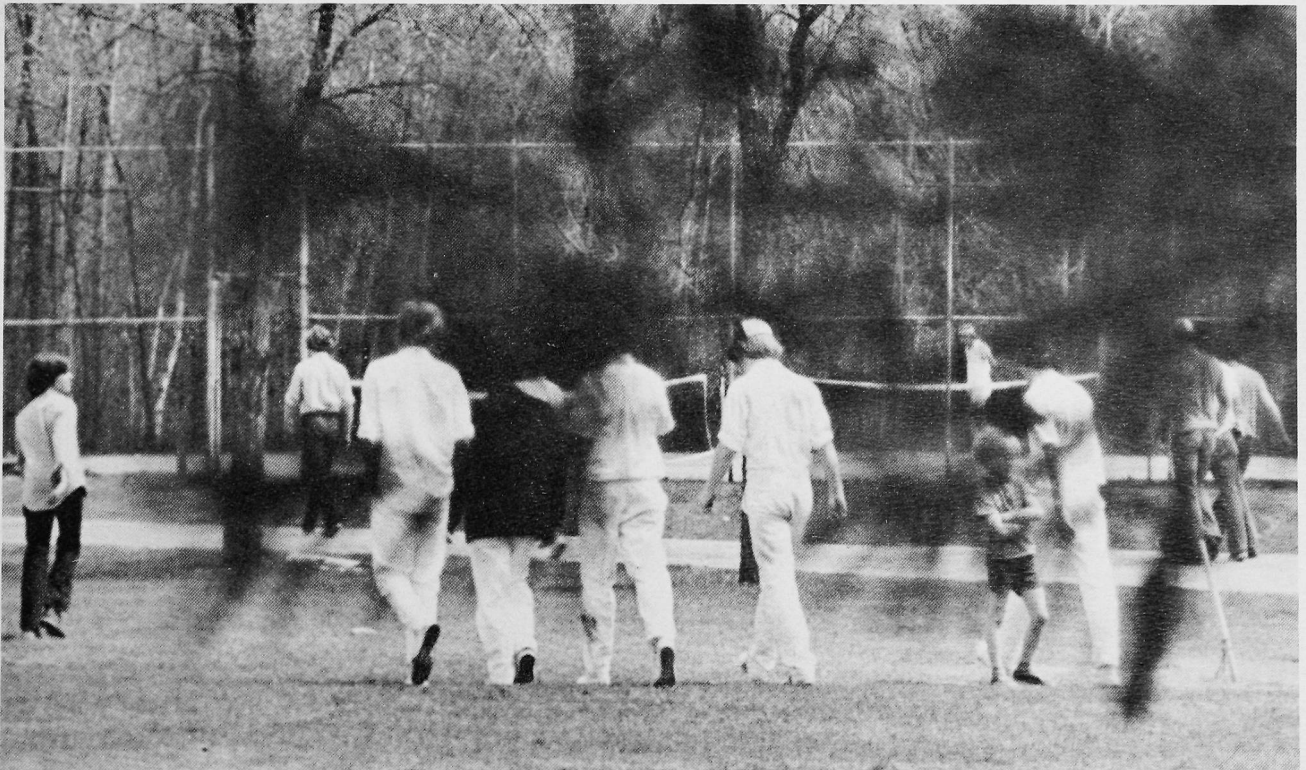






June 1972 ends one chapter of Bishop's College School after a long one hundred and thirty-six years. There are things that will be lost yet there are so many to gain. Education takes in more than book and ruler, and Mr. Cowans and the boys and girls together will have the opportunity to grow with it in its widest and most natural scope. Yet with 1972 let's not close the book on one school. Our success has been in the direction of the future. This year the students weren't shut in by rules and regulations, rather they have been compromised as a guidance. The masters and prefects were listening more for logic than tradition. There seemed to be, at last, some breathing room. People were happier because of it and felt they were free to step ahead in their interests. This good feeling brought achievements and the success brought good feeling — from there it was built. Let it continue.

R.G. — Ed.





# BOARD OF DIRECTORS

## Executive Committee

Brig. General J. H. PRICE, O.B.E., M.C., D.C.L., (*Honorary Chairman*) Montreal  
HUGH HALLWARD, Esq., (*Chairman*) Montreal  
HARTLAND L. PRICE, Esq., C.A., (*Vice-Chairman*) Montreal  
T. S. GILLESPIE, Esq., (*Ass't. Secretary*) Montreal  
R. G. BREMNER, Esq., Montreal  
R. L. HENRY, Esq., Montreal  
ERIC H. MOLSON, Esq., Montreal  
RAYMOND C. SETLAKWE, Esq., Thetford Mines  
DESMOND N. STOKER, Esq., Montreal  
Mrs. F. C. WINSER, Montreal

## Members

DOUGLAS H. BRADLEY, Esq., North Hatley  
F. S. BURBIDGE, Esq., Montreal  
JOHN CHURCHILL-SMITH, Esq., Montreal  
C. L. O. GLASS, Esq., M.A., D.C.L., D. D'U., Massawippi  
J. H. F. KENNY, Esq., Ottawa  
Mrs. A. J. MATTHESON, Montreal  
Hon. Mr. JUSTICE WM. MITCHELL, D.C.L., Ayer's Cliff  
BARTLETT H. MACDOUGALL, Esq., Toronto  
JOHN R. McLERNON, Esq., Vancouver  
R. R. McLERNON, Esq., Montreal  
JOHN W. SHARP, Esq., Montreal  
W. S. TYNDALE, Esq., Q.C., Montreal  
PETER G. WHITE, Esq., Sherbrooke

## Advisory Board

JOHN F. BAILLIE, Esq., Montreal  
H. WEIR DAVIS, Esq., Q.C., Montreal  
SYDNEY DENMON, Esq., Montreal  
D. O'C. DOHENY, Esq., Montreal  
Hon. C. M. DRURY, C.B.E., D.S.O., E.D., Ottawa  
Major E. DE L. GREENWOOD, Dorval  
J. P. G. KEMP, Esq., Toronto  
Lt. Col. H. C. MACDOUGALL, Montreal  
Major T. H. P. MOLSON, Montreal  
JOHN G. PORTEOUS, Esq., Q.C., Montreal  
Brig. G. VICTOR WHITEHEAD, Dorval



## THE MAGAZINE STAFF OF 'B.C.S. '72'

EDITOR — R. Glass  
 LAYOUT — S. Fraser, G. Hallward (ass't)  
 PHOTOGRAPHY — P. Lawee, P. Ostrom  
 COPY — M. Stephen  
 GRADS — A. Barwick  
 SPORTS — P. Marchuk  
 LITERARY — M. Frosst  
 BUSINESS — M. Zinay, J. Thatcher, T. Graham  
 ART — S. Lewis  
 STAFF ADVISOR — R. Lloyd

Top to Bottom, left-right: S. Lewis, A. Graham, J. Thatcher, P. Marchuk,  
 A. Barwick, P. Ostrom, M. Frosst, R. Lloyd, Esq., P. Lawee, M. Zinay,  
 M. Stephen, R. Glass, G. Hallward, S. Frazer.

## AND OUR PREFECTS



Standing, left-right: P. Ostrom, G. McGee, H. Simkovits, M. Stephen.  
 Sitting, left-right: K. Reardon, F. S. Large (Headmaster), R. Glass (Head Prefect), P. Brooke.



# STAFF

R. L. Evans, M.A., Bishop's University, B.A.,  
Trinity College, University of Toronto  
(HEAD — ENGLISH DEPARTMENT)

H. Doheny, B.A., B.C.L., McGill University,  
(ASSISTANT TO THE HEADMASTER)

R. R. Owen, B.A., Bishop's University  
(HEAD — LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT)  
(HOUSEMASTER)

A. P. Campbell, B.A., Queen's University,  
(HEAD — SCIENCE DEPARTMENT)  
(HOUSEMASTER)

R. P. Bédard, B.A., Loyola College, B.Ed.,  
University of Sherbrooke (HOUSEMASTER)

J. D. Cowans, M.A., University of Montreal,  
B.A., Sir George Williams University,  
(DIRECTOR OF KING'S HALL)

Rev. F. H. K. Greer, M.A., Dalhousie University

D. A. G. Cruickshank, B.A., Bishop's University  
(CHOIR MASTER) (UNIVERSITY ADVISOR)

R. O. Lloyd, M.A., University of Western Ontario  
(HOUSEMASTER)

D. J. Campbell, B.Sc., Bishop's University  
(HOUSEMASTER)

DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS — Major S. F. Abbott,  
C.D., C.S., of C.

ADMISSIONS AND DEVELOPMENT OFFICER —  
Mr. R. D. Medland, D.S.O., C.D.

ORGANIST — Mrs. Bertha Bell, L. Mus.,  
Dominion College of Music

MUSIC TEACHER — Mrs. E. Detchon,  
Royal School of Music

LIBRARIANS —  
Mrs. L. M. Allison, A.L.A.,  
London England

Mrs. N. MacFarlane, B.A.,  
Mount Allison University

Mrs. B. Albert

Mrs. N. Richardson

## HEADMASTER

— F. Stewart Large, M.A., Columbia University,  
B.A., Trinity College, University of Toronto

## SENIOR MASTER

— J. G. Patriquin, B.A., Acadia University  
(Head — History Department)

W. W. Badger, B.A., Bishop's University,  
(HEAD — MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT)

A. Robertson, B.A., St. John's College,  
Oxford University (HOUSEMASTER)

Mrs. F. Taboika, Escuela Normal,  
Buenos Aires (PART-TIME SPANISH TEACHER)

B. Ander, B.Sc., University of  
British Columbia

C. Goodwin, B.A., Bishop's University

H. McFarlane, B.A., B.Ed., Mount  
Allison University

A. J. Stuart Bateman, M.A., Trinity  
College, Dublin

N. Campbell, B.A., Queen's University

E. Detchon, B.A., Bishop's University,  
Certificat de deuxième degré d'études  
françaises, Grenoble

D. Dutton, B.Sc., Bishop's University,  
M.Sc., McMaster University

W. Nugent, B.P.E., University of New Brunswick

J. A. Parker, B.Sc., University of Western, Ontario

ART — Mr. D. Morgan, Diploma School of Art and  
Design, Montreal Museum of Fine Arts

NURSES — Mrs. P. Belton, R.N., Mrs. O. Coombes, R.N.

BURSAR AND SECRETARY — Lt. Col. J. L. Blue, E.D.

HEADMASTER'S SECRETARY — Miss D. Dutton

## SECRETARY STAFF

— Miss M. Miltimore  
Miss C. Taylor  
Mrs. J. Meagher

## SCHOOL MATRON

— Mrs. L. M. Brady

# The Masters We Welcome As New Arrivals



This year we have a trio of additions to the Masters. The first member of their all-out group is David Dutton. Mr. Dutton brings his intellectual, quick self straight from McMaster University to our Math Department. He, and his dog, Tess, are a respected couple. Together they've coached Junior Soccer, brought new interest to touring in cross-country skiing and done Glass House duty with a thoughtful, friendly hand. 'Dudley' will never cease to amaze us with his rapid explanations using his innumerable equations and, of course, his jokes.



On the more athletic side we have jocks, Messrs. Parker and Nugent. Mr. Parker with Toronto teaching experience heads the Physics Department. But more to his liking he heads track. As an incredible feat he has brought indoor track to our tunnels. He took charge of the Spring track team and with his new tactics, gimmicks and self-participation has made it a success and even fun. His limits are not bound there as he directs the band, the astronomy club and Jane Bennett.

Mr. Nugent bred his teaching talents at our rival school, A.G.R.H.S., which we have managed to overlook. He coaches Senior Football, Bantam Hockey, field events in Track and mathematic classes. He has brought and developed a keen interest in sports. He, in his kind, thoughtful way, has added greatly to the school spirit.

Les nouveaux have fitted in well with us. We hope to have their presence and great contribution for a long time to come.

Top right, Mr. Dutton; Top left, Mr. Nugent; Bottom left, Mr. Parker.

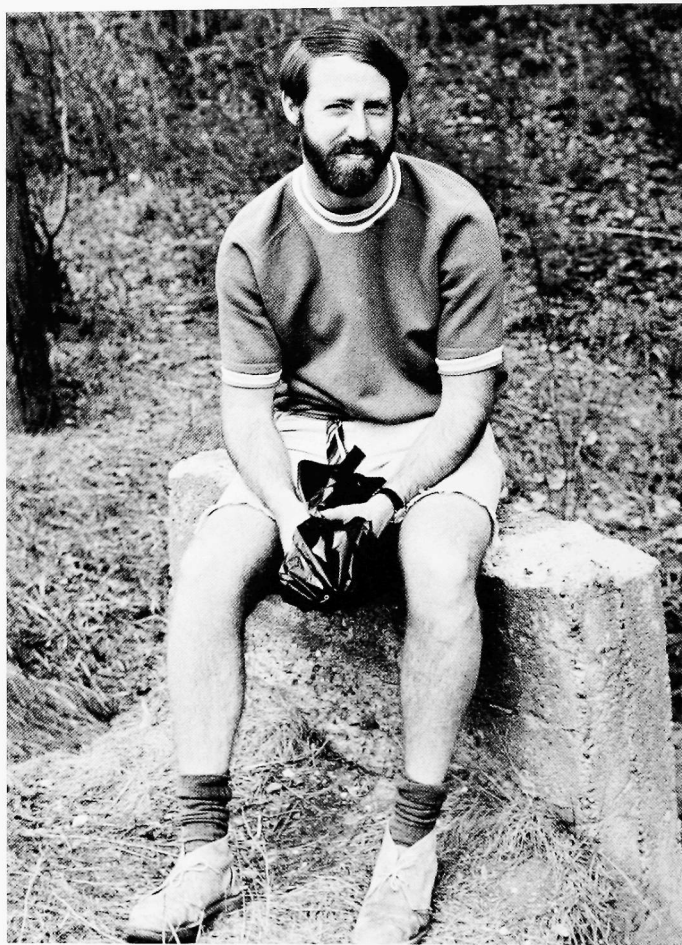


## The Masters Who Leave Us

This year not only marks the end of a term at B.C.S. for Mr. Large, Mr. Patriquin and Mr. Evans, as mentioned in the feature article, but also for another four men.

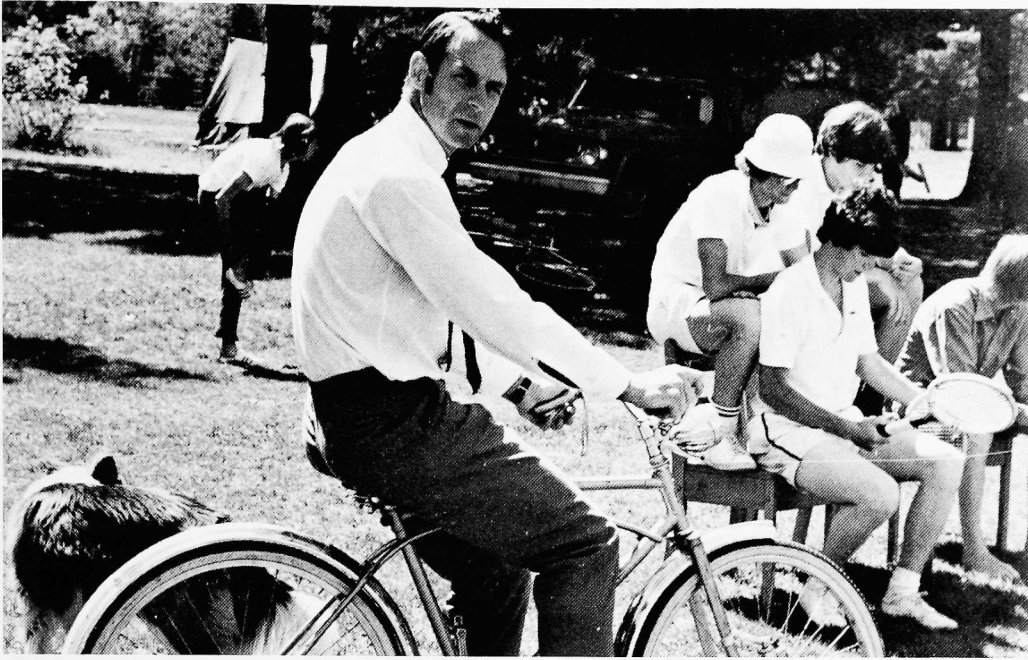
A master who has planted himself well into B.C.S. life in a short two years returns to his native England. Mr. Bateman's grin and British humour were always carried with him. This broke the ice and we could feel and know that he understood us as boys. He re-initiated a squash crease and prompted its activity to some memorable competitions, victories and experiences. He gave to the squash crease, Senior Soccer, the intermediate cricket, and his geography classes a pronounced interest. Those nights in Smith without Bates on duty won't be the same. We wish he wasn't such a 'swine' as to leave us but we also wish him the best of luck.

Another two year veteran, and the other half of our geography department, leaves our ranks — Mr. Neil Campbell. This number three of the B.C.S. Campbell clan took upon himself a faithful participation in school activities, bringing a new spark to inter-mural hockey and soccer and heading the First XI Cricket. He's so calm, cool and collected we wonder where he got the virtuosity to grow a beard. The boys had a trust in Neil because of his sincerity — for this especially we regret to lose him.



Above, Mr. N. Campbell; Below, Mr. Bateman.





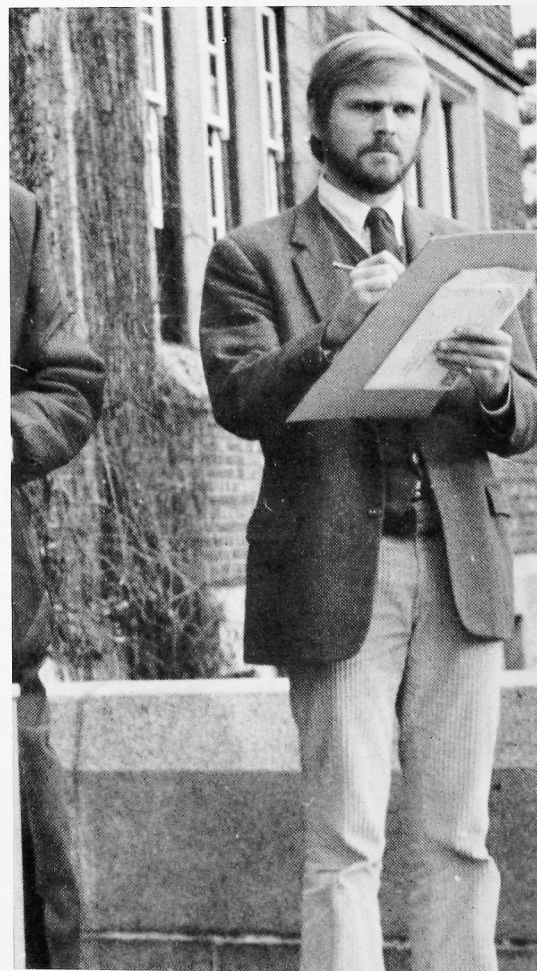
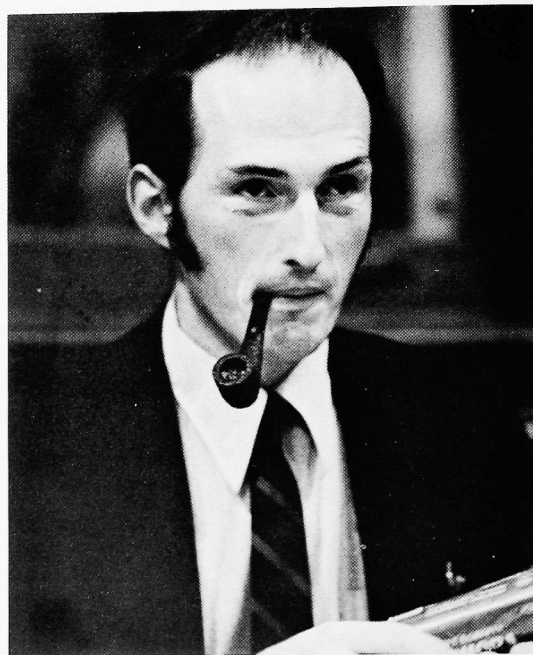
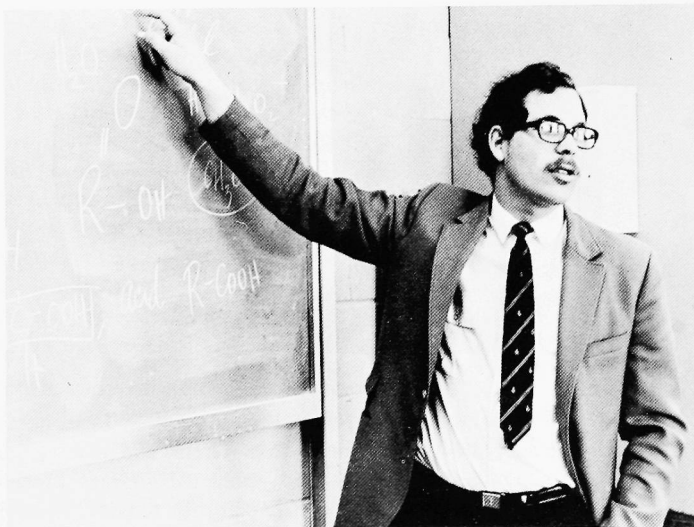
Top, Mr. Bedard; Bottom, Mr. Greer.

We'll be missing some other old familiar faces next year — between the two of them, Mr. Greer and Mr. Bédard have served here for twenty-four years. Mr. Greer preached and led us in prayer as School Chaplain for ten years. In the same time he has taught Latin, English and History and led Agora — all of which he has done with a great cultural knowledge. You could sit down and have a cup of tea with him and talk about anything. Whatever the subject he knew about it and you could learn from his intellectual conversation. You didn't have to be anyone special. Mr. Greer accepts each one as he is and he has guided and given confidence to many types who, otherwise, might not have made it through school and thereby confronted a more difficult life. Mr. Greer will no longer be able to remind us that the Benedictus is on page nine yet may we remind him that he was much appreciated.

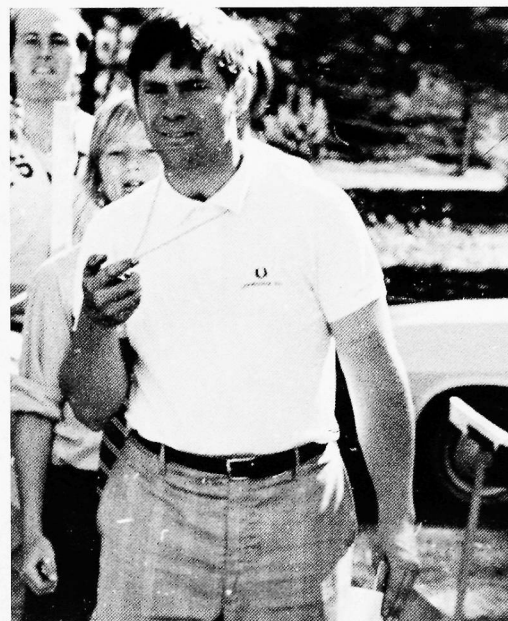
With deepest regret we say 'good-bye' to Mr. Bédard. He is a man of much capability who has put it to a wide utility — touching many sides of school life. He taught French to his students in a calm clear manner obtaining respect from each of them. As coach he did the same. He has taken bantam football and spring tennis and for thirteen years has guided and coached the Senior Hockey team who, each year, knowing Mr. Bédard's knowledge and ability worked for his regard to that much closer and finer a team. Taking Grier House from its baby years Mr. Bédard, as housemaster, has instilled and built a deep pride and character in it. May its spirit be long remembered. As Mr. Bédard leaves so does a part of the school. We'll miss him.



## And Those Staff That Stay On



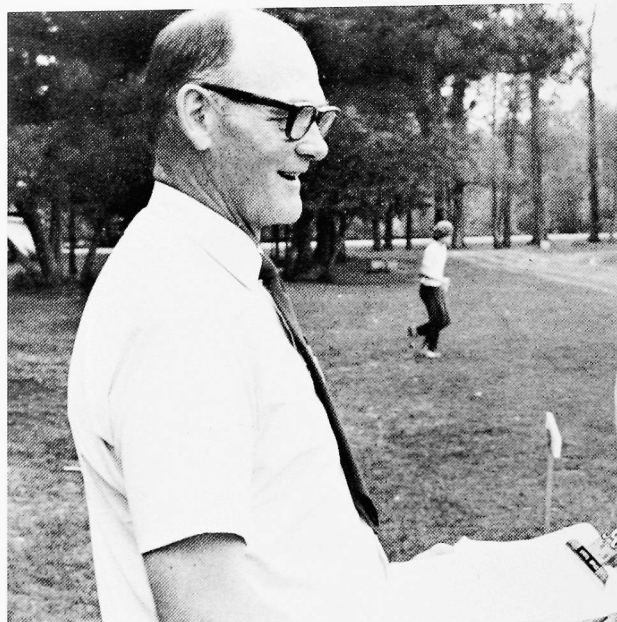
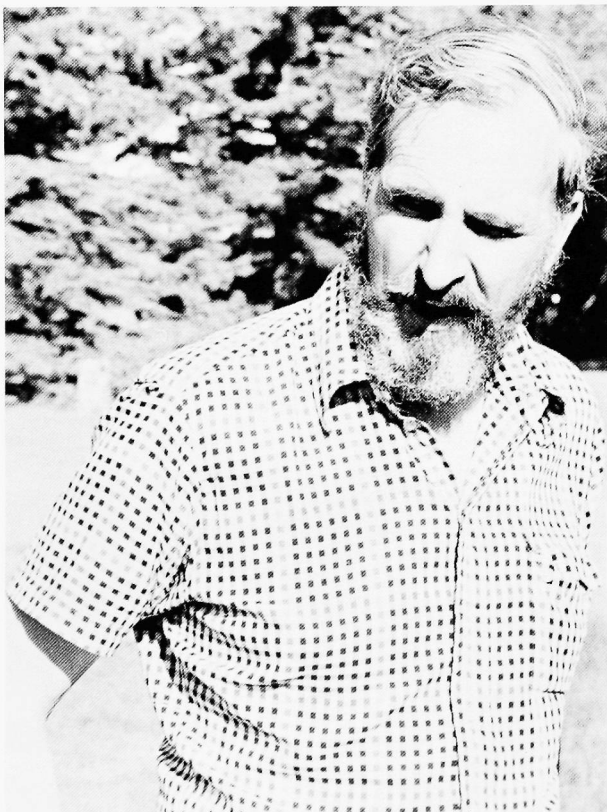
Top left, Mr. B. Ander; top right, Mr. M. McFarlane; left, Mr. D. Campbell; right, Mr. D. Cruickshank.



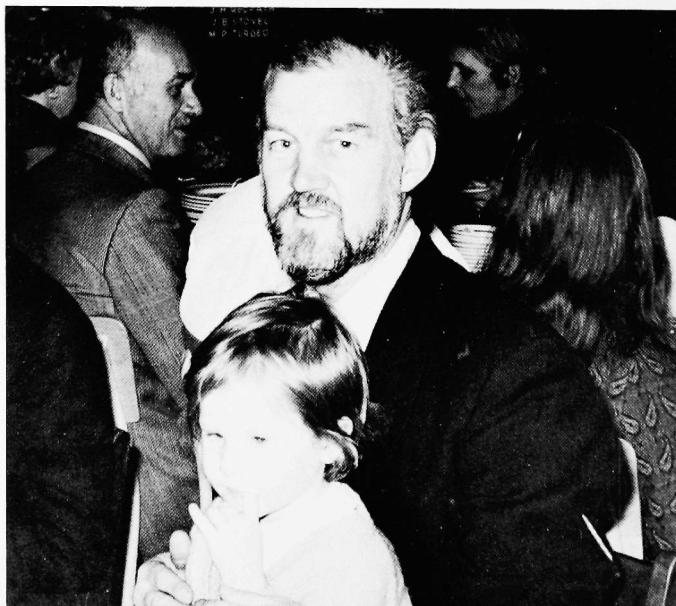
Top left, Mr. D. Morgan; middle left, Mr. R. Lloyd;  
bottom left, Mr. W. Badger; top right, Mr. E. Detchon;  
right, Mr. C. Goodwin.

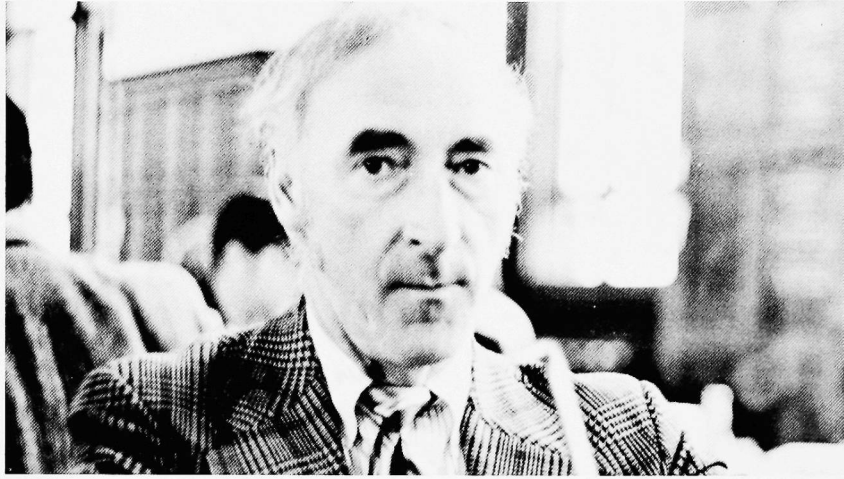


And Stay On  
And On And On



Above, Mr. A. Campbell; top right, Maj. S. F. Abbott; right,  
Mrs. F. Taboika; bottom right, Mr. A. Robertson.





Top left, Mr. J. Cowans; top right, Mr. R. Owen; left, Lt. Col. J. Blue, Mr. H. Doheny; right, Mrs. L. Brady.







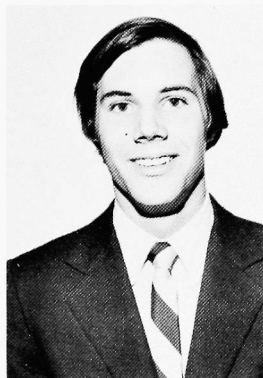
**OUR GRADS**



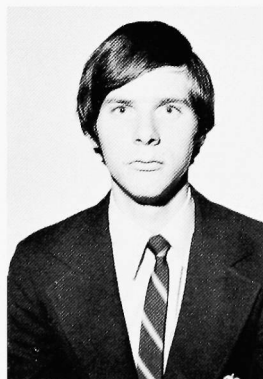
# From Fertilization In The Common Rm. To Super 7th

## 7th FORM GRADS

PETER BROOKE, (right) — Prefect Peter's first few years were devoted mainly to a terrorist regime against "Witty" and with the help of Sass and Daniel they almost succeeded. Peter also distinguished himself as being one of the pugilists who was involved in the "Town Tuck" fight, eh "Knuckles"? In the 7th Form Pete became involved with Leslie and spent the weekend at school.



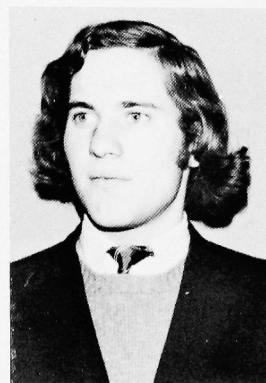
PIERRE CLERMONT, (right) — His exact date of arrival is not sure. With quiet actions he has managed to survive contentedly within the confines of B.C.S. Periodically he was seen paying visits to such fine ghettos of intellectual thought as the Elmwood and the Seventh Form common room. Occasionally he would astound the student body with brilliant accomplishments in the mastery of the French language.



LYALL DAVIES, (right) — Few members of the Super Seventh were without a role and our Rod Damon played his to the letter. The line of a chrome-boat loving, Trent - hating capitalist was followed by our president of Howard Davies Industries. Headquarters and locker rooms were located in Glass House where our expensive - tasted magnate was head-boy. Lyall's operations ranged from pawning and persuading to ash-tray distribution on the hill. "I yunt dat rite Lie-all".

ALAN EVANS, (far right) — "What are we doing for English today?" Al had the connections but he never gave us the answer. Lt. Evans showed his strength and command on cadet parades as he did guiding his powerful, robust body up the Long Trail. Al was born at B.C.S., brought up at B.C.S., lived at B.C.S., went to school at B.C.S., and plans to take over from Mr. Greer at B.C.S. The Lord be with you . . .

JOHN APOSTOLIDES, (right) — John upheld his Athens tradition by his athletic feats. In the fall he ran endless circles around the track in hopes of driving Harry's Hackers clear of the Zor. He then ran the tunnels in hope of raising his physics mark. To reach the rank with Harvey he again trimmed his Olympic body with another term of track with Parker. But, John, what happens next year when your professor doesn't like track?





SCOTT FRASER, (*far left*) — Scott's B.C.S. career has been dotted with amazing regularity by academic awards. Needless to say Scott's memory bank was a much needed source of data to those unable and perhaps even lazy 7th formers. His sporadic wit helped him in his debates and induced chuckles in the 7th Form sanctuary (common room is too crude). Almost single-handedly Scott, "with great virosity", incorporated the 1972 Cadet Corps Band . . . Tilt.

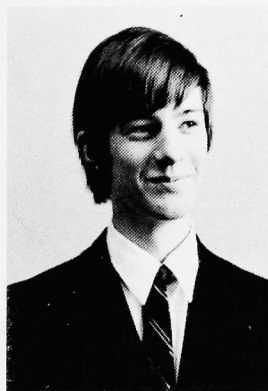
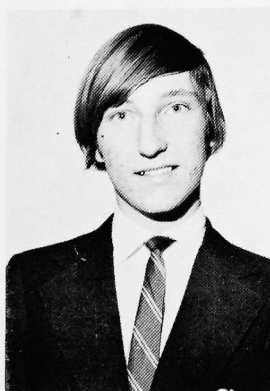
RICHARD GLASS, (*left*) — What sort of a man reads Playboy? Our model, bound for his hippie University, approaches. His wardrobe, complimenting a body reminiscent of football, is completely in fashion. His hair is just the right length, colour and style. A tall shapely dark-haired girl clings to the bronzed arm of our star. His smooth face emanates responsibilities, probably born from the head prefectship of a boy's boarding school. It's our all-Bish boy, Crick.



BOYD GRAHAM, (*left*) — Bazel, as Boyd is known to his friends, started off at B.C.S. four years ago. He was not noticeable until his debut in 7th form. Boyd amused the form with his tales of Maine and early childhood, and on a certain long-weekend even got bitten by a squash ball. Bazel was interested in everything from squash to Richard and even local geography, which entailed field trips up Moulton Hill.



RICHARD HASKELL, (*left*) — Rich used to thrill the Chapman Housers with his late night scrambles to be on time. When he wasn't scrambling he could probably be found in the Chapel playing organ, to Mrs. Bell's pleasure. He is probably best remembered for his witty, fast comments. Rich also managed to leave the school with a B.C.S. tankard. At least Rich will be able to drink in class. "There's a boy in the wilderness drinking a call . . ."

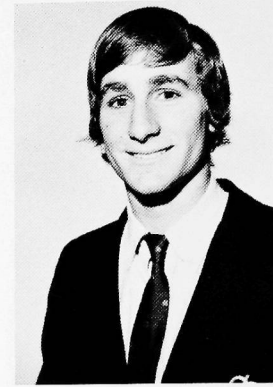


BILL HORRICKS (*far left*) — Of all the sights of 7th Form Bill in a kilt was a sight to be seen. This and Bill's bagpipe playing will long be remembered, as well as his conversation which ranged from, Dude, to the Vicomte, to Dude, to the Vicomte. The incredible thing about Bill is the way he was never hard to find. All one had to do was to find Andy or even Toby. Good luck Bill. Who's ever heard of La Tuque Tech?

ROBERT ILSLEY, (*left*) — During his three years at B.C.S. Robert led a monastic life, being mostly concerned with his studies. He could usually be found in the library or in the quiet environment of the lab with his lab partner Sid. Rob enjoyed hockey games, and was so enthusiastic that most people kept their distance. We hope this enthusiasm will aid him when he hears opportunity knocking in later life.



TIM KIRKWOOD, (right) — The 7th Form Common Room would not have been the Common Room without the blackboard and it would have been blank without Tim's Murchincomix and poetry. When Tim wasn't there he was either 1. on stage (an ardent member of the 4-play club) 2. Trying to keep up with McGee on snowy mountains (A mountain-country fool) or 3. asleep. Then there are your late assignments . . . eh Tim!



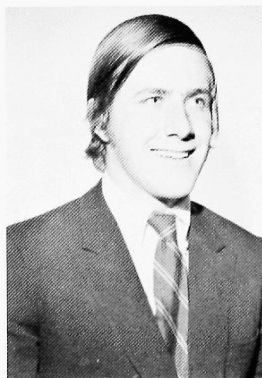
DANIEL LALONDE, (far right) — Danny has succeeded in his last six years at B.C.S. in proving that a crazy Frenchman can be more fun than . . . Daniel was an avid hockey fan and an asset to the First Team. He also kept the 7th Form amused with his thoughts about us "blokes". Danny left us in the final term this year to go to St. Georges School as an exchange student "Silence is Golden". Bonne Chance Wartsé!

SIDNEY LAM, (left) — Although not a regular in the 7th Form Country Club and Salon, Sid will long be remembered. His lightning fast shuffle and constant use of the word 'Hi' will set records some day. An avid participant in "Harry's Hackers", Sid also excelled in the classroom. His pen would smoke at the rate at which he whipped off calculus and his fingers would burn when he flipped pages. Good luck Sid wherever you go.

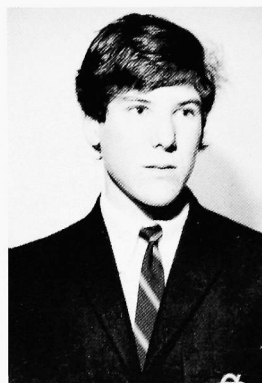


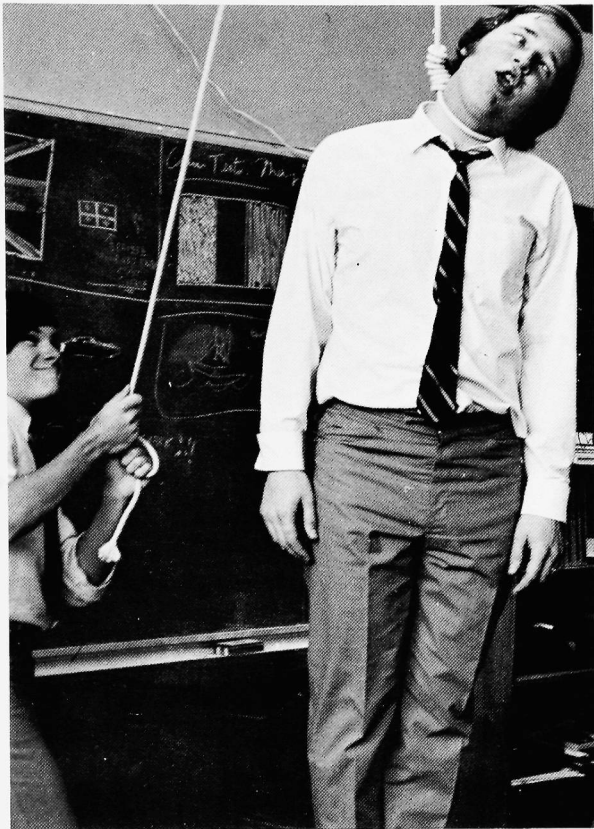
PHIL LAWEE, (far right) — Phil lead a quiet life at B.C.S. playing 1st team soccer and being a backbone for the ski-team. The 7th form proved to be the ideal life for Phil because he achieved the ultimate award of the school by earning an achievement tie. Phil also showed the 7th form what hard work on a geography project could bring (90%). We all wish Phil the best in his future job as taxi driver.

GORD McGEE, (right) — Muscle man Gord could be found either running or perfecting his Herculean physique. He was notorious for his garborator appetite, his deadly charm and his power of persuasion. "The Doon" never missed a chance to get a laugh — not even at school roll-calls. He didn't have an ounce of malice in his body — thank God for that and may the white dove of peace forever govern his moves.



DAVID MURCHISON, (right) — MURCH-in-sleep-in-tube-in-crackers-in-soccer-in-colours-in-rec-skiing-in-technician-in-Kodiaks-in-math-in-nez-brun-in-opel-in-gem-in-dude-in-Chris-In-buttocks-in-screwed-in-surf-in-comix-in-memorial-in-physics-in-cadet-in-mount-aioneer-in-physicist-in-host-in-reception-committee-in-twirl-in-dudley-in-dagc-in-marsupials-in-all-in-everything-in-hell-of-a-good-guy.

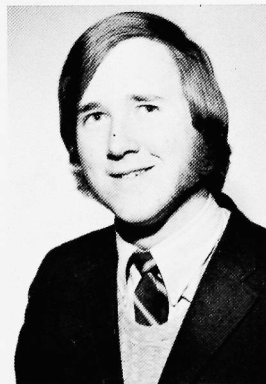
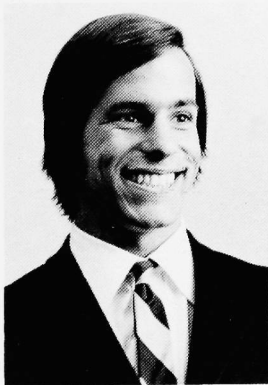




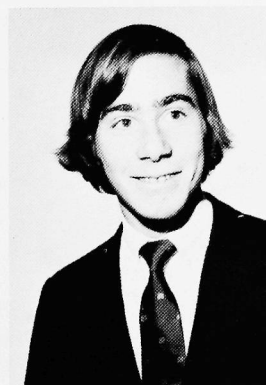
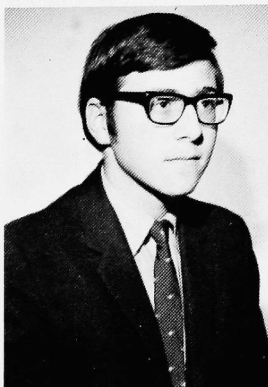
**TOBY NORWOOD, (left)** — For two years Toby's voice resounded in the halls of Williams house. This year his falsetto performances could be heard in the confines of Glass House. His athletic abilities helped both Senior Soccer and Senior Ski. As all good athletes he cherished his drinking hours after each gruelling day of physical activity. Next year we're sure Tobe will fit in well with the boys at Dal in the Commerce faculty.



**PETER OSTROM, (left)** — An animal par excellence whose torturing barrages were invaluable on the football field and in the halls of McNaughton House. Sympathetic and big hearted, the newboys had a friend in Prefect Pete. A modest fellow by nature, the Big O never played-up his being a prefect; he concealed the fact so well he even caught one master napping. We should say Pete was caught napping and very close to becoming a jogger.



**KEN REARDON, (far left)** — Ken proved to be an appropriate prefect, yet there were times when people wondered. Those incriminating pictures? Ken showed himself to be academic in such courses as Algebra and recess. He goes off to B.U. next year. We hope that there Ken will learn how to keep his head down and his marks up. Ken, we'll see you next year in action. Watch out der are big boys in dat foodball league.



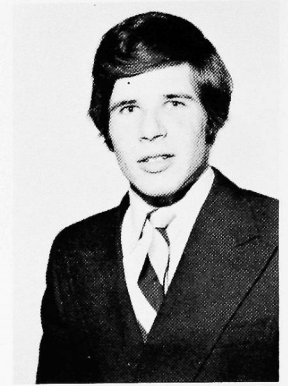
**BRIAN SEWELL, (left)** — Our Star, Brian, was, according to him, "the school's best dramatist" being an avid member of the Four Play Club. His romantic rehearsing was done in the most natural of environments. Miss Winsor just loved his plays... "Oh... Brian!!!" Brian managed to leave the school with a B.C.S. Tankard for the fine maintaining of his title ("Our Star"). We hope he'll always keep it replenished. T? D.P.&N.L.S.W. or is it B.R.A.D.O.R.?

**HARVEY SIMKOVITS, (far left)** — The studious member of the form, Harvey was unseen unless you walked by the Physics lab. Harvey was the goalie on 1st team soccer and one of the "crazy nine" who took to walking over mountains in the rain under the name of mountain country. We tennis players won't forget the "Simkovits Slam" which terrified one and all. Good luck next year at M.I.T. Harv.

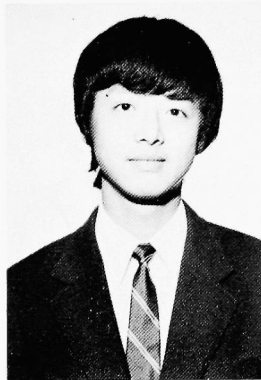
**PETER SMITH, (left)** — Peter, a vet of six Bish years, has returned disillusioned and crippled, an obvious recipient of maltreatment at the hands of people more Pacific than us. Pete finally found his way to co-captainship of an undefeated soccer team and to a spot on First Team hockey. The second half of his stay Pete shackled up chez Bub and rounded it off as a member of Stu's favoured and favorite seventh.



MARK STEPHEN, (right) — Our "fun in the sun" boy set a pace that few in the 7th Form could follow. Brigadier Bahamas had a knowledge of how to work in the week and how to let loose on the weekends. His acting debut this year required a blood curdling scream which could be heard resounding through the halls each evening in the main building. Mark, do you and Crick really have the same night shirts?



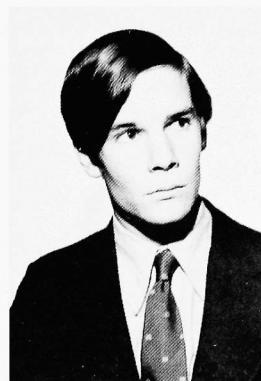
ROBERT TSAI, (right) — During the Easter holidays, Robert rented a room in Sherbrooke and had a ball. He had such a good time that he came back late, only to find himself gated. A fervent badminton player (it should be noted that Robert had a fine overhand stroke), Rob could seldom be found in the 7th Form Common Room; he was either in the gym with HSI, or in the basement with Sydney.



ANDY WOJATSEK, (right) — The Hungarian import QB-ed our football team to a respectable .500 season. Andy took full advantage of his living off campus by combing Sherbrooke for quiet out of the way places where a good club sandwich was easily obtainable. His recent findings were eagerly awaited by his 7th Form confrères. He was also guilty of being the best codet in the 1971-72 corps. Rah, Rah Roman.



MIKE ZINAY, (right) — At the beginning of the year, the 7th Form was not certain if Mike was at Champlain or at B.C.S. Our answer came in November while Mike was sporting the purple and white of the senior hockey team. Sgt. Pepper kept himself busy spending the long winter nights either with the Players Club in make-up or with a charming co-ed from Champlain making out. Alf... Keep her on your side.



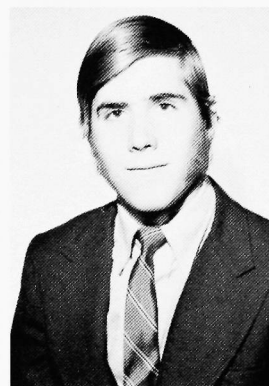
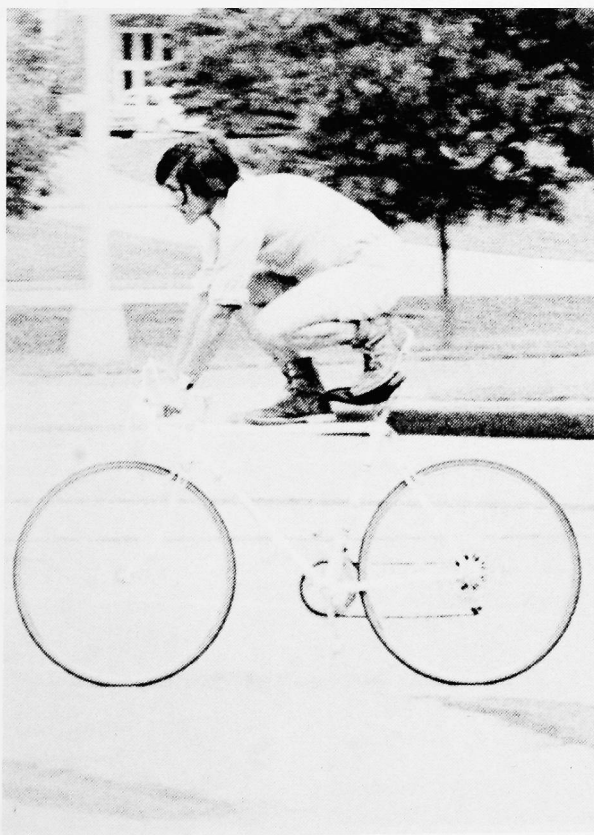
# The Complex Soccer Line-Up

## 6th FORM GRADS

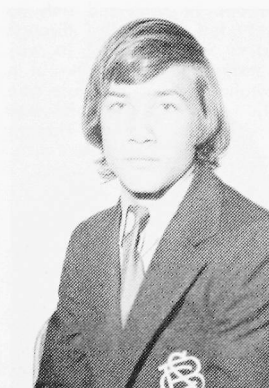


DAVE ARDILL, (*far left*) — "In two weeks man I'll be going out with her." Dave was scouted for the football line as soon as he stepped off the bus. Not many months after school opening we found Dave fostering the Drum Major's mace and in charge of a brigade of brass-blowing and skin-beating musicians. Presently he is the B.C.S. public relations man for Wrigley's Gum; office in the Grier shower. Pass it on . . .

CHRIS ATKINSON, (*left*) — Atkinstienslimefeetkinkleptprickleschin-weedyburnersseaweedchops "weeders" sidebars. Once you have completed this definition you will know just about everything that there is to know about Chris. We hope that his name will grow as he hopes to do in the future. Chris during matrics tried to startle the school by growing a moustache. Unfortunately he only startled himself. You know Chris with a name like yours you should go into show business.



DAVE BARDEN, (*left*) — Dave has been around Bishop's a long time. Most of that time, however, was spent walking up and down Moulton Hill. Why? Only his hairdresser (his father) knows for sure. Dave led an active sports life: from football to Brenda, from hockey to Brenda and from track to Brenda. Well he was active. We tip our hats to Dave for his knowledge of worldly affairs.



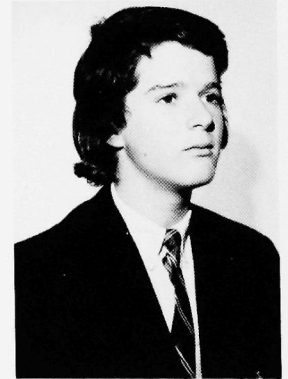
AIRD BARWICK, (*left*) — The one half of the "RIFF-RAFF" gang. Aird swept on to the stage and hustled Pamplermouse. Aird's wit and charm have proved to be helpful at times when pressure was upon him. The "Monkey" goes off next year. Wherever he goes, people watch out. He enjoyed acting all the time, all the time. We all wish that he would get some new routines so we won't fall asleep.



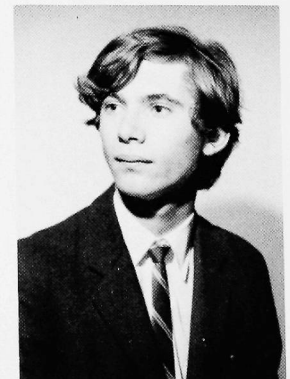


GEORGE BOWIE, (*right*) — A new import to B.C.S. VIth Form human zoo was George Bowie, alias "George of the Jungle", who came jogging to us from just outside Ottawa, and, oh yes, trying to keep up with Gord. During the winter George was an asset to the ski team although by his own estimate his success went "down-hill". While George may have been slow in some subjects, he was always on time for English.

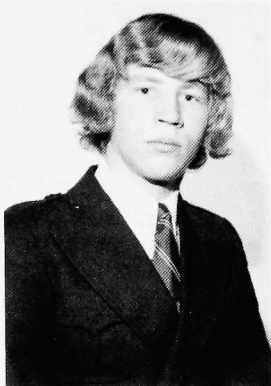
DEAN BREMNER, (*far right*) — Unlike many who once resided within the crumbling walls of School House two years ago, Dean remained at B.C.S. for an extended vacation. He is, however, making the sacred pilgrimage to our post-graduate school, next year, L.C.C., to be with the boys and further spread the philosophy of Freewheelin' Franklin.



MICHAEL CLERMONT, (*right*) — Second in command only to Riel himself, Michael (or is it Pierre?) led the Choice through many back alleys as the pack sped to Sherbrooke on its way to Monkeytricks. Here the uncanny insight into the works of a Mercier combined with his dynamic vitality amazed all those who witnessed Michael single - handedly replace a tire tube and ride off into the sunset arriving back for the start of "Hogans Heroes".

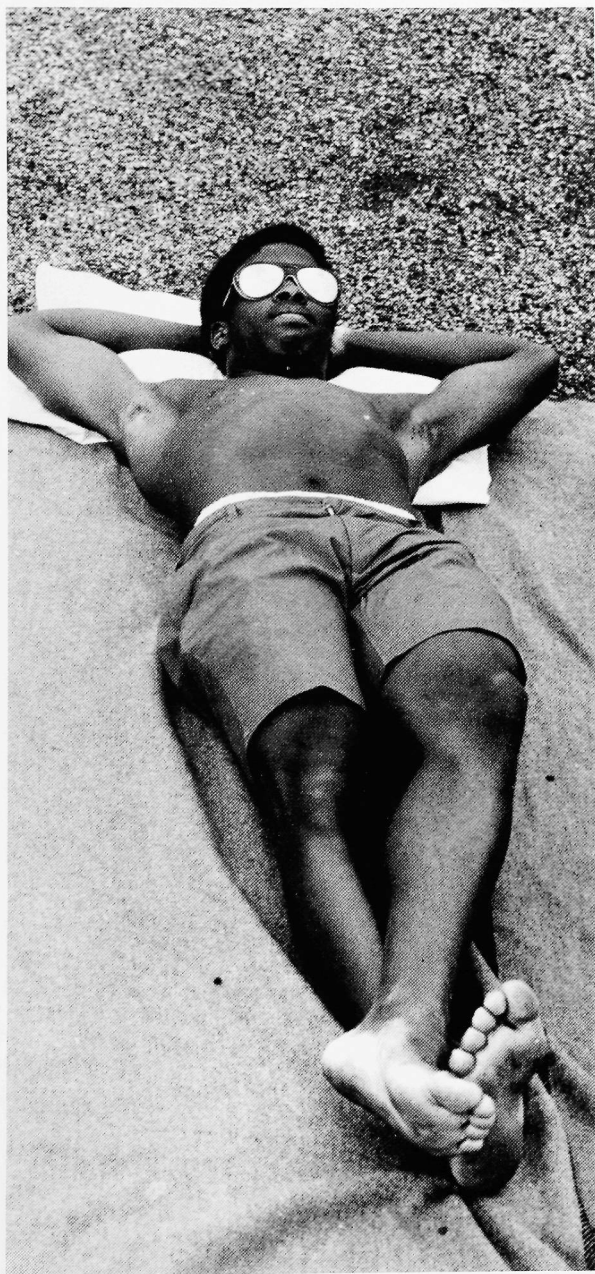


DENIS COTE, (*far right*) — Denis, our friend from Sherbrooke, has kept Chapman House on their toes; not because he is a meany, it's because they are on the alert for a flash electrical fire. Denis has managed to incorporate more wires into his room than the Bell Telephone owns. We saw Ray in action once and that was a clash against "Fuzzy Frazier". We will remember him as the guy with the slide-ruler sticking out of his jacket pocket.



PIERRE DUSSAULT, (*far left*) — Pierre came to Bishop's in quite a bewildered state and he will probably leave in the same condition. He occasionally became the centre of attraction by his actions and also because of his amazing command of the English language. Pierre leaves us with a couple of word puzzles from "La Tribune" and correction marks made on our french essays. "Salut Bye Bye".

MYLES FROSST, (*left*) — Myles made his first million on isolation profiteering. His disorganisation of school functions led to his bankruptcy. He accepted everything in good faith though. A left and right-wing debater and politician should result in "Chicken Breast for P.M. in '92". His debates were against the basically straight forward principles of illogic. At acting Myles is naturally on a stage. He has one hang-up about "Slimy Algae" that has us worried.



JOHN GAFERS, (*left*) — "But Sir, I wasn't smoking — my light fell over and burnt the bed". Our resident Yank over the last five years is now the co-president of the Gafers - Hamel gang, dabbling in such illicit operations as Sherbrooke rent-a-bop, gambling in the Hotel Union, and other things that just aren't cricket. We look for his igloo and dog sled education to bring him fortune and success back down South.



JEAN GAUVIN, (*left*) ?!)"-  
!(?  
bip, ibp... Out of order left  
4/18/72. B.C.S. career up in  
smoke.



WAYNE GHANS, (*left*) — "Man can that kid move!", squealed the coach. "You are on the waiting list", droned the University. Yes, folks, that mild-mannered student you just saw working on a project in the complex has frequently been seen roaming the night spots of Sherbrooke, P.Q. The inhabitants have been warned to keep their eligible daughters under close scrutiny and to beware of that New York charm.



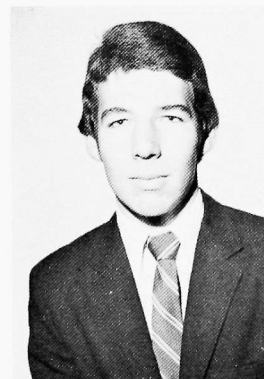
ALAN GILCHRIST, (right) — Bishop ('s) has been visited by an alien from somewhere north of the tree line. Al's good nature and savvy impressed the throngs here and at Compton. Big Al was one of the few humanitarians in Grier House as he fought with the strength of a beast to help one who is very small. If you ever want some good Churchill psychology — look for Al preaching in the bar at Owl's Head.



ANDREW GRAHAM, (right) — Attempts at definition: a six foot pencil with an Afro eraser; a fuzzy Frazier with a concave chest and perma red nose; a beat scouring pad. Anachronic survivor of the boot-out delinquents program, this avid nature lover and denizen of the back woods has marched through a lustrum of B.C.S. days providing general comic relief on a high level. We wish Andrew good luck in whatever he does.



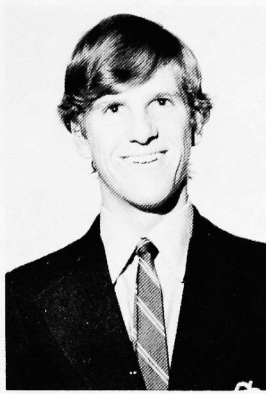
PHILIP HAMEL, (right) — Phil is the other ringleader of the aforementioned Gafers - Hamel underground gang and yet he has managed to paint over the blemishes incurred as a result of these "extracurricular" activities with the careful maintenance of a mild-mannered and urbane exterior. Hormone came to us from the bustling hub of Les Cantons de l'Est, Knowlton, three years ago sporting the windblown look which earned him the epithet "Motorcycle Phil".



RICHARD HSI, (right) — Rich made a stunning rise from inconnu to the limelight in two arts half way through the year. Sixth form scouts discovered his dart-making abilities (he hit the rink from the form windows), and he himself proved his mastery on the badminton courts. With all the university applications Rich has made he can't help but hit and so may his fortune cookie be a good one.

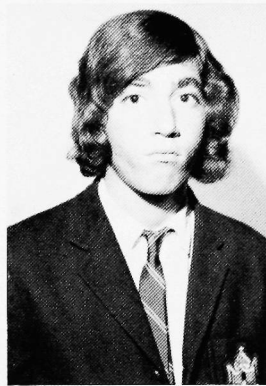
HARLAN KERSON, (far right) — First Harlan lived through the Forrests and now he is "coming to an end" with the Millers. He has always managed to find something to do on the week-ends . . . right Chippy? Harlan was scorer for the student - teacher contest and occasionally he even got involved. Good luck Harl and may your History mark continually rise. Ah . . . Harlan will you pleath clothe the door . . . from the outside!!





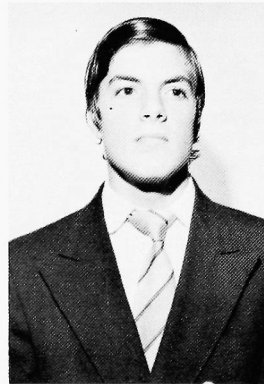
LARRY KREDL, (far left) — Larry, now terminating his fourth year, is scrambling off to L.C.C. He took up stunt-man for a movie this year and bravely leaped off the Chapman House roof. Instead of an Academy Award he received a deformed coccyx. Larry was always involved in a sport and in the Spring he challenged "Big Nuge". Larry was too fast for him and the score went with Larry. Good luck next year.

ROBERT LANGILL, (left) — See Jack run. If not preoccupied with his Functions prep, Bob could be seen tearing up roads. Yes, Bob would daily set out for his pleasant jog. His routes remained uncharted but all fifteen mile jogs, it seems, lead back to Willie House. We trust that his nomadic excursions upon the rural environs and his animal friends acquired therupon will serve him well in his chosen vocation as a veterinarian.



CLIVE LAW, (far left) — "Company, get on Parade!" Clive Cadet arrives, hair cleanly cropped. "Company dressing!" He is always immaculately robed and a paragon of order in a chaotic School House. "Company will advance!" Our man moves into the Q.M. double time and stays on the periphery of the Willy House delinquents. "Company Dismissed!" And with that order Clive becomes absent with leave and licence to further indulge R.M.C.? "About Turn!"

RON LAWEE, (left) — "Hey you know what?" Ron always seemed to have a smile on his face. He would occasionally take part in the complex soccer games. Then again you may see him going for his weekend nature walks. Ron was always able to take a joke but, "Hey, ah c'mon who knocked all my books on the floor?" Well, Ron leaves us this year and where he goes not even he knows where.



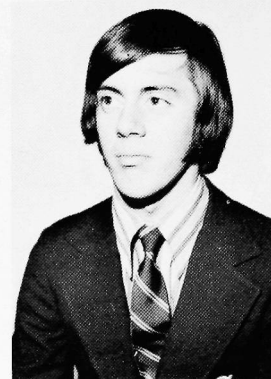
MICHEL LEFEBVRE, (left) — "Hey Nuge, I need some more ace band-ge. It's cold on the bench". "Butch" distinguished himself this year on the First Term football by being the most outstanding player during the practices and after the whistle went to end the play. In complex soccer "Boom-Boom" won the "Cossell" trophy this season for the greatest number of appearances on the casualty list. Miche hopes to go to R.M.C.



PAUL LEGER, (left) — Street fighter. Paul has made a name for himself and almost all the "Pipers" know it. Paul was always checking to see if his legs were still there or was he looking at the length of his pants? Paul was a good asset to the hockey team and he was also a pretty good football player. If passing through "THE TOWN" watch out for Paul in the Black Challenger.



SIMON LEWIS, (right) — This year's winner of the U.R.A. Egotist Prize goes to Chump Lewis who never really realized that the "brush your hair 100 strokes" was meant for girls. During hockey season Simon found his great size to be a disadvantage but he was spurred on by a certain red-head in the crowd. Simon intends to return next year to try for even greater "heights" and hopefully some house spirit.



RICHARD MCGUIRE, (far right) — Rick just hooked his tee shot off a tree, off a rock; and it now lies 6 inches from the cup. The gallery is silent as Rick... 2 puts. Rick however has managed to pull his weight on the course very well. The "pro" declines to comment on how he is related to the great soccer player LaCroix. Alas when Rick leaves us, we will miss a true entertainer and conversationalist. Good putting in the future.

GRAEME MAGOR, (right) — "Are you montle or sometink." Graeme's fortuitous admittance to B.C.S. many moons ago resulted in his efforts to gain the thorough contempt of the masters and students. However his coruscation in school work gained him many lazy friends and his magniloquence coupled with that formidable Magorian charisma (Jane, Denise, Hélène...) favorably impressed his teachers. Next year, "freezee" will forgo that longed for manumission and will be back as "Head Prefect".

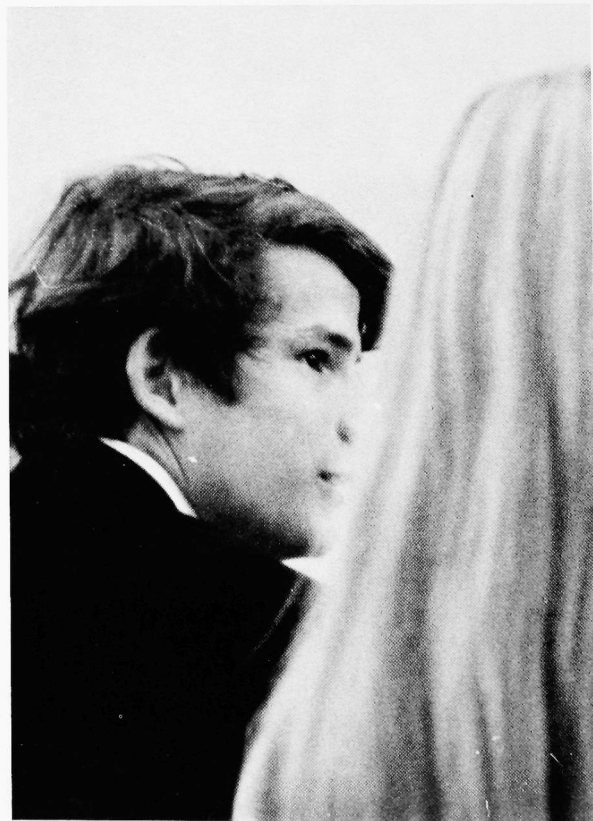


MIKE MEDLAND, (far right) — During the alterations to the school this year a certain scholar was uncovered from the deep confines of hidden archives, one Mike Medland. The popular theory is that he was trying to win the L/Cpl. Hanson History prize, but more likely Mike was finishing up those English assignments before meeting Mr. Evans. Fortunately, Michael will be returning next year to add the finishing touches and hopefully the girls will be no distraction.

IAN MILLER, (right) — Ian was the 6th Form policeman. By no means could you call him a pacifist. Ian had good qualities, one of them being the ability to laugh at himself. Once he almost died laughing. He was a good person to have on your side in a "Beaudrais" fight. Ian leaves us this year with bruises and a memory of what we seniors are supposed to be like.



RUSSELL MURPHY, (right) — Russell arrived but not alone; he brought a playmate. Both of them came simultaneously to B.C.S. After a brief but thorough examination of her memory banks Rus settled down to some hard computing. However, Russell has often left for Montreal under the auspices of attending a convention for scientific research. Rumor has it that the testing of various I.B.M. computers was not always a conducted in a scientific nature... eh, Russ... HIC?





DAVE MURPHY, (*far left*) — Dave is another member of the ten speed set. He has either gone bicycling on weekends or done something else. Gating is the reward for that something else. Dave lives in McNaughton House and maybe this could have caused such strange behavior. He is returning next year to see how many girls will have bikes. Then he will lure them away with him on a cross-country course.

CHARLES PONDER, (*left*) — The poet laureate of Sixth Form and author of "Ode to a Lennoxhop" arrived at B.C.S. with yet another pair of skis and . . . yes . . . Lange boots, having shussed all the way from Crab Mountain, N.B., with only short detours to Howarths Limited and L.C.C. His charm and vitality radiated from behind his desk, a fortress within which he could deliver his iconoclastic philosophy to all those who sought wisdom in the truth.

MARK ROMER, (*far right*) — Mark has been the proprietor of the "Romer Rip-Off" (Grier House Tuck Shop) this year. During off hours he could be found either in his room engaged in shutter-buggery or in front of the boob eating his profits. Not exactly rekknown for fashionable dress, our friendly Polish refugee has made the jock circuit as a lens-toted press photographer.

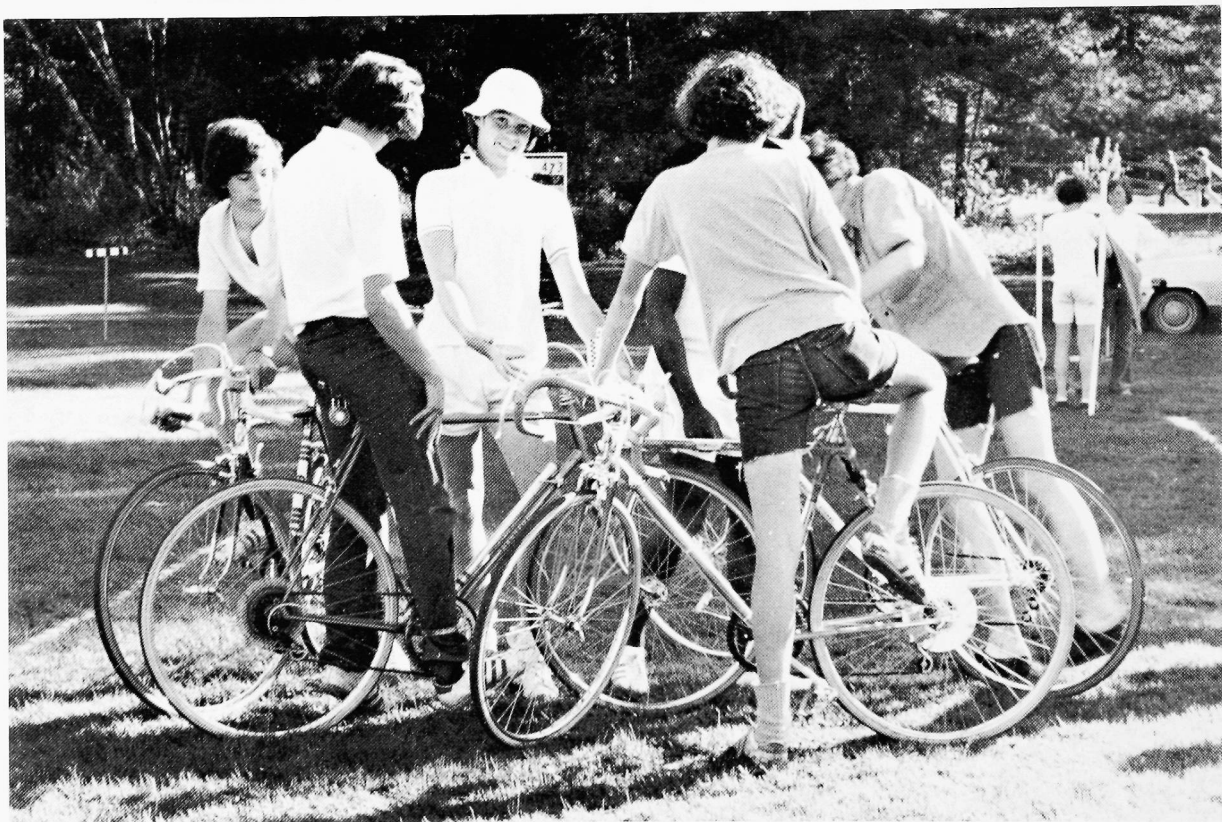
BRENTON SALT, (*left*) — He is the son of a man who is postmaster general, minister of natural resources and commander-in-chief of the armed forces in Thurso. Bino has shown himself to be a jock of all sports and adept at handling anything that comes out of a cradle. He and the Chapman triangle have there survived the Skinhead era, more recently the Chapo-Paleolithic Age and the frequent challenges directed their way by the Nuge.



CHARLES SIMPKIN, (right) — "Come on, be a bud, lend me a dime?" This line gets 'em every time; which is sometimes a little too often. Our most valuable gronk and the most spirited difference ever to sit between two goal posts worked off the pounds this year in running the stairs to the Grier House shower room. We hope to catch the "Blimp" later at "Les Carabiniers"; he'll gladly let you buy him a draft.



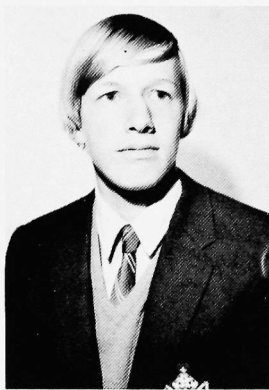
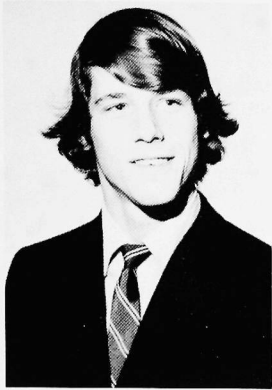
PETER SINGLETON, (far right) — "Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome once again Sherbrooke's own — the Shattered Vibrations!" Peter came to B.C.S. three years ago in search of the answer and increased ticket sales. Be assured that the future looks bright for our young virtuoso after successfully completing a Bishop's remodeling job which included being captain of Singleton's Sluggers hockey team and a (Valuable??) player on the senior football team. We wish Peter success in all his future concerts.



LANNY SMITH, (right) — Orlando is one of "those Smiths from Thetford Mines". He is a bigot, author of unmitigated streams of racist jokes and cut-downs and yet is an all around impossible-to-hate sort of guy. He will reciprocate with friendship as long as, of course, you are not other than white, anglo-saxon, etc. "Wayner" is an exception. Where will you find an audience for "letters from Nicole, Michelle, et entourage" in Thetford Mines?

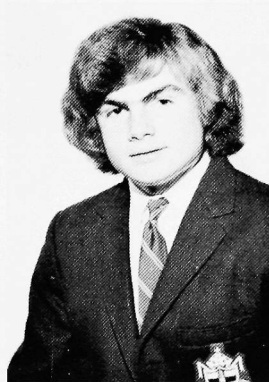


RAINIER SPETH, (far right) — Whether rolling admid hosts of amorous Lenni-bops or cycling with Riel's Choice the thoughts of "Felix the Cat" never left the slopes of Mont Ste. Anne unless the Wire was concentrating on a cross country course. Next year the entire Alps will be at his disposal and will thus echo the endless plea, "Please don't forsake me when I'm hookey on pot".



DENIS STAIRS, (*far left*) — Les passe-temps d'escaliers sont: skiing through trees and down rocky slopes, breaking up offensives, desks and chairs in complex soccer, cycling to Compton to see a brand name "chick", singing the up-Moulton C. T. Blues, rubbing out Glass Housers in the rink and publicizing his dissatisfaction to his fellows around him. Yet Denis did contribute to the spirit of the school with his playful temperament and his home-made stereo system.

GUTHRIE STEWART, (*left*) — A quiet, unassuming boy came to B.C.S. and built a reputation on sincerity and integrity. He has proved his powers in academics and athletics. He set for himself a high standard of excellence and he attained them. We saw his "home grown" goaling talents mature and go on to lead a very successful hockey team. Next year will see Arlo pursuing his hockey career at Champlain.



GRAEME THOMPSON, (*far left*) — "Speedball" has spent his two years at B.C.S. eating paper, laughing insanely, and seeking new ways to escape this mad society. His first impulse would be to "run away". Once he finishes his education he figures he will move to Australia where he won't need French. If society becomes totally unbearable he will either start his own country in Pango-Pango or become invisible.

ROY WOLVIN, (*left*) — Roy was always active. In so much as he was moving, "Riff" of the notorious "RIFF-RAFF" gang was always willing to announce the forms' complex soccer games. When Roy was with Denis they made quite a team and your life was in your hands. Stubs is leaving the school and going to L.C.C. where he will probably settle down and gain his sanity. Well, there's not much more you can say about Roy because he has already said it.



BOB WHITE, (*left*) — Bob's future ambition is to become dictator of Canada and his experience at B.C.S. may well aid him. On many occasions he has aggressively defended his home town, Toronto, from would-be assailants. Then there are those stories concerning a certain, "Belle", from Compton. Failing dictator, he would like to be Rod Laver II. Perhaps Bob should set his sights on a more immediate goal... making First Team hockey.



MICHAEL WRIGHT, (*left*) — The good shepherd, in postures green, leadeth all the "tater haters" down to lie. A true maritimer in every sense of the word, "Angus" brings us all the joys and excitement of the eastern area of Canada. The "Bull" is renowned for his new morality and upsets in the Union. Mike was both an athlete and a scholar, a combination which is difficult to achieve in this school.

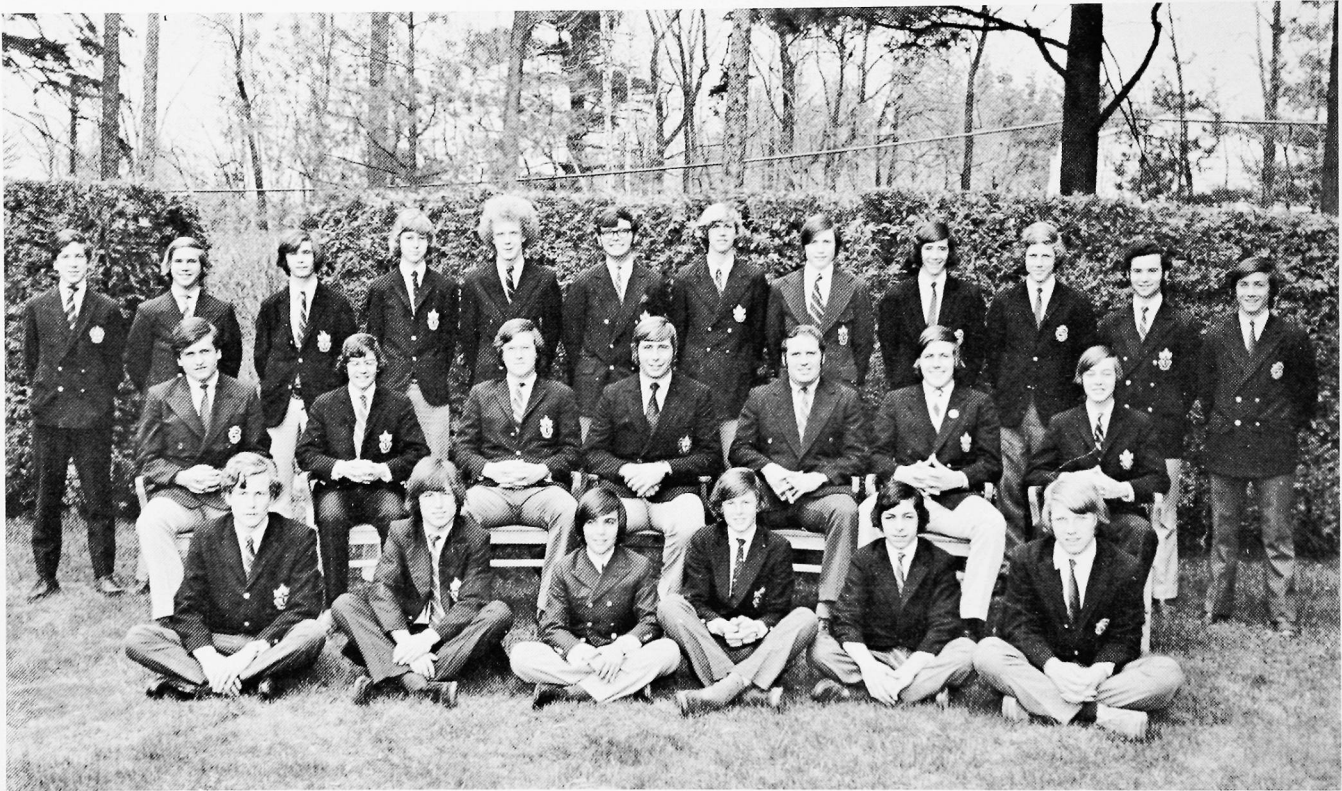






**HOUSES**

# CHAPMAN HOUSE



Rear Row: T. Graham, J. Thatcher, D. Côté, V. Taboika, A. Graham, R. McIntosh, M. Medland, B. Mein, B. Salt, L. Kredl, J. Serventi, A. Barwick.  
Second Row: A. Wojatsek, R. Haskell, B. Sewell, D. Campbell, Esq., (Housemaster), W. Nugent, Esq., (Ass't. Housemaster), G. McGee, (Prefect), B. Graham.

Front Row: A. Albert, T. Ross, D. Morales-Bello, H. Notman, D. Vineberg, D. Vaughan.





The sign "Under New Management" stood outside Hotel Chapman, but the floors were still paper thin and not waterproof as Denis discovered during the second term flood.

Under the direction of our free-loading, fun-loving Brian we captured the inter-house play festival (remember your line, David?). Tony Graham must not be forgotten for his national victory in debating.

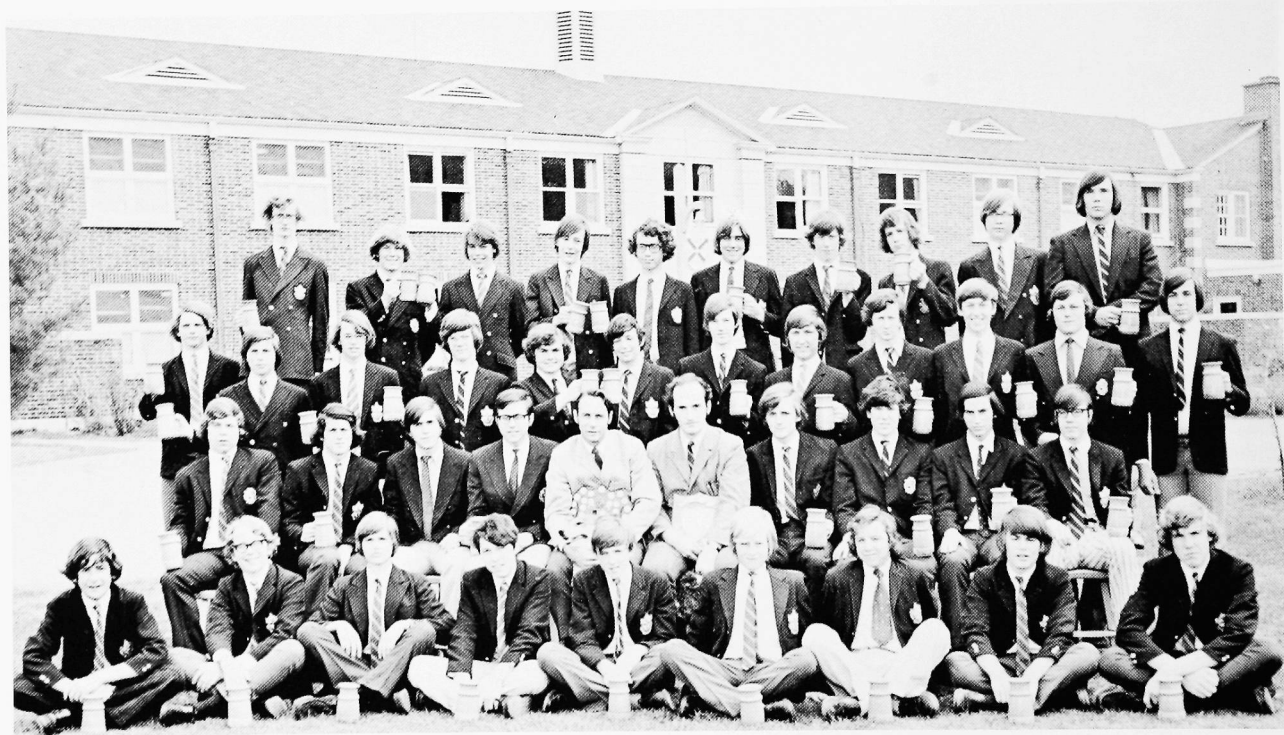
Rick could always be seen going into the barn for a nip . . . We mean nap. At four in the morning, James, our secretary, could be seen moving up to the school with a trail of smoke behind him (he didn't walk fast). Back inside, cold air gently seeps from Gord's igloo as Brian slowly turns to ice. Across the hall lived Marty whose mouth was inversely proportioned to his size, Huge (who had switched to Toughies), and Tony (who could not be recognized without his glasses).

On the floor, Poncho had an open line to Caraças, and Fuzzy became the victim of unearned laps because of house pile-up — on him. Upstairs, Aird twisted to the music in his room, which disturbed Joey and Bruce's vigil on the T.V. Next door Richard watched for bats hanging above his bed. Other notables were Larry's collection of intellectual pictures; Boyd's late returns; and Brent's inability to use the bathroom before 11:30 every night.

Our thanks go to Mr. Campbell for never letting us forget Big Brother was watching; Mr. Nugent for his sports statistics; and Mr. McEwen for his Sunday inspections.



## GRIER HOUSE



Fourth Row: D. Sayer, G. Magor, B. White, J. White, R. Speth, C. Ponder, P. Asselman, R. Eddy, M. Romer, D. Ardill.

Third Row: A. Gilchrist, F. Tardi, R. Smith, T. Lynch, R. Wolvin, B. Ritchie, R. Ilsley, B. Horricks, J. Gale, G. Hallward, P. Marchuk, L. Barre.

Second Row: C. Simpkin, D. Stairs, D. Barden, H. Simkovits, (Prefect), R. Bedard, Esq., (Housemaster), H. McFarlane, Esq., (Ass't. Housemaster), A. Evans, D. Murchison, J. Apostolides, S. Fraser.

Front Row: T. Price, C. Peniston, R. Graul, D. Park, P. Rich, S. Mulherin, J. Fuller, R. Murray, D. Fuller.



We're #1 — there can be little doubt. What other house offers the characters, the jocks, and Asselman and Stairs.

We've kept our noses clean and our fires burning through waterless showers, we've had the best Friday sales on Campus, the bushiest hair and the nicest slippers.

Where else have they broken more windows, watched more cartoons, made more noises, and yet, had the least number of C efforts at Mid-Term, the richest shopkeepers, and the snobbiest dog.

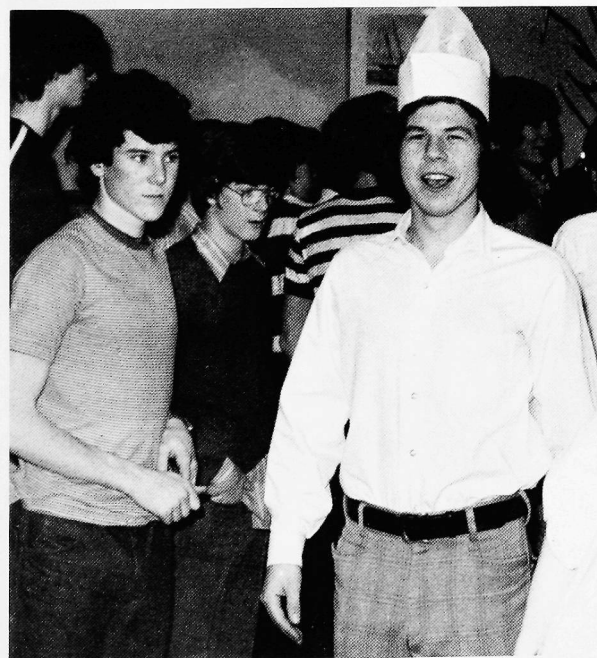
Who else can boast of the original Mutt and Jeff team and of those Katzenjammer kids in Room 137; no one else can lay claim (nor would they want to) to that dog sadist Blanc III, nor to Charles, the famous wall-climber.

Then came that decision emasculating Grier of the pride in its unparalleled reputation and its rooted traditions.

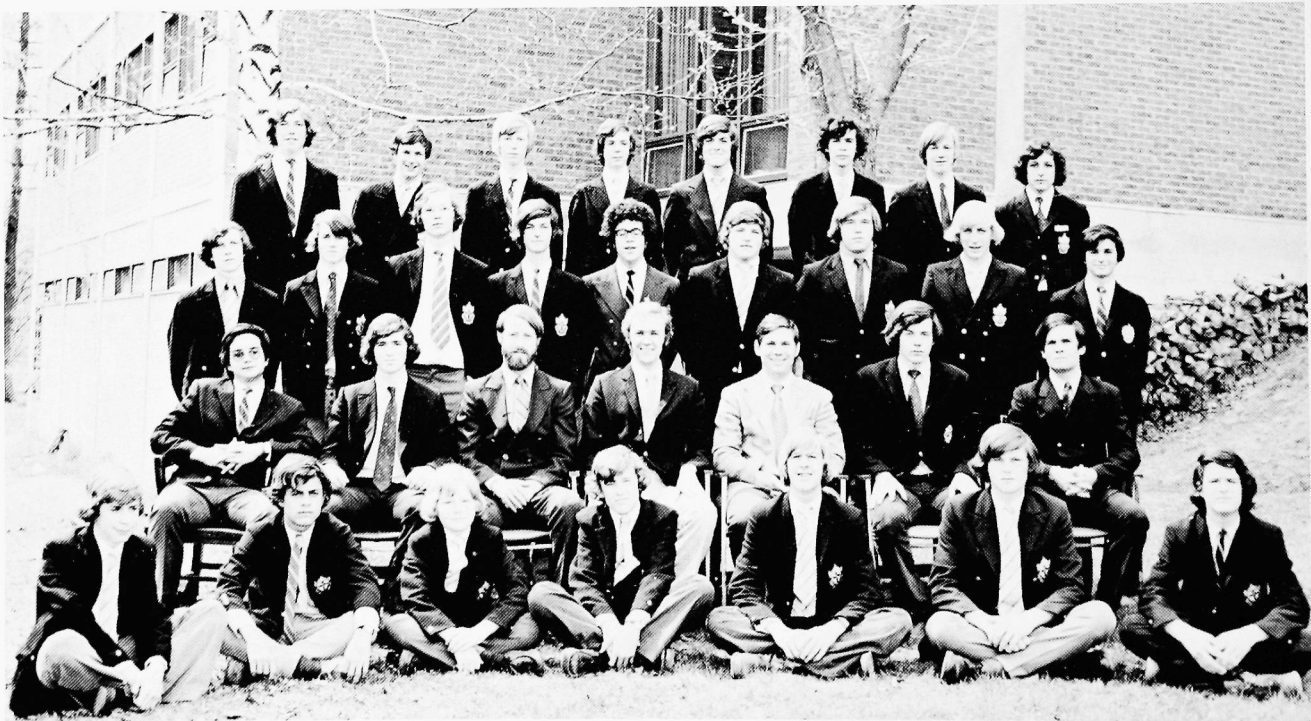
Unheralded in this last year of operations — the first 2 legs of the Triple Crown (Cross-Country, Carnival) with the House Relays still to come; a magnificent replica of Grier House which took top honours in the Snow Sculpture competition; a well-executed and "School-representing" one-act play.

Sugar Bear, we appreciated you! Harry's Hackers are taking over. Without the Bubbles and the man in the Jelineck T-shirt the palace will never be the same again.

In recognition and everlasting memory, a hand-made Beer Mug inscribed Grier '72 — to one and all. The end of a wonderful era . . .



# McNAUGHTON HOUSE



Rear Row: J. Gafers, D. Murphy, P. Singleton, M. Clermont, M. Frosst, G. Stewart, S. Lewis.

Third Row: L. Harrison, C. Stewart-Patterson, N. Lewin, B. Snyder, D. Courey, M. Dixon, J. Atkins, P. Wilmer, P. Dunn.

Second Row: T. Kirkwood, P. Lawee, N. Campbell, Esq., (Ass't. Housemaster), R. Lloyd, Esq., (Housemaster), C. Goodwin, Esq., (Ass't. Housemaster), P. Ostrom, (Prefect), M. Zinay.

Front Row: D. Boiteau, C. Goodfellow, M. Gauvin, A. Monk, S. Artiss, D. Horner, D. Bremner.





McNaughton — (MAK NAWT'N) N. slang (a) implies obscurity, secularity (b) going from the sublime to the ridiculous (c) where it's at.

What we are proud of as a house is not our sports record, smokers' cliques, or the amount of overall permissiveness (Mr. Goodwin takes care of that), but rather we pride ourselves on the zoo of individuals that together strive to make this peculiar house peculiar.

Everyone in the house has a niche, beginning with the fourth formers whose job is to be inferior. On the whole, the active members of this form find the extra-curriculars somewhat of a pain ad podicem. N'est-ce pas Billy?

The fifth formers, or the MacNaughton House chapter of the Woodstock nation, play their role by providing the rest of the house with their own home-spun entertainment, including love ballads, insane grossosities, or just good ol' rock around the clock.

The purpose of the sixth form has not been determined, but Simon and Guthrie are working vigorously on it now. In particular, the house frowned on Dean and Myles. What we couldn't figure out was how the doorknob became jammed overnight.

Finally, the seventh form put the icing on the cake. It was the seventh form that inspired much of the talent in the house. It was their job to keep order in the house, but they deserted their roles and joined in the chorus, "We want to entertain you."

Special thanks to the director and producer, Mr. Lloyd, without whom this show wouldn't be on the road, and to Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Campbell, who hand in hand kept us lawful and happy.

# SMITH HOUSE



Rear Row: P. Hucl, S. Lam, K. Smith, B. Petersen, D. Stenason, P. Whitehouse, M. Michel, G. Gillis, N. Robinson, J. White, R. Lawee, C. Sparrow, S. McConnell, P. Patterson, B. Scott, H. Jacobson, I. Scott.

Second Row: G. Thomson, G. Winterson, J. P. Duquet, R. McGuire, P. Brooke, (Prefect), H. Greer, Esq., (Ass't. Housemaster), R. Owen, Esq., (Housemaster), S. Bateman, Esq., (Ass't. Housemaster), K. Reardon, (Prefect), P. Clermont, S. Gilbert, P. Hamel, L. Smith, H. Kerson, M. Wright, F. Wilmer, I. Miler.

Front Row: D. Cloutier.



Smith House was undeniably filled with character and promise this season as the rather motley crew of new-boys and seniors invaded the premises and settled down for another exciting and profitable year.

Once again the various ways and means were soon learned, or relearned, much to the delight of everyone involved.

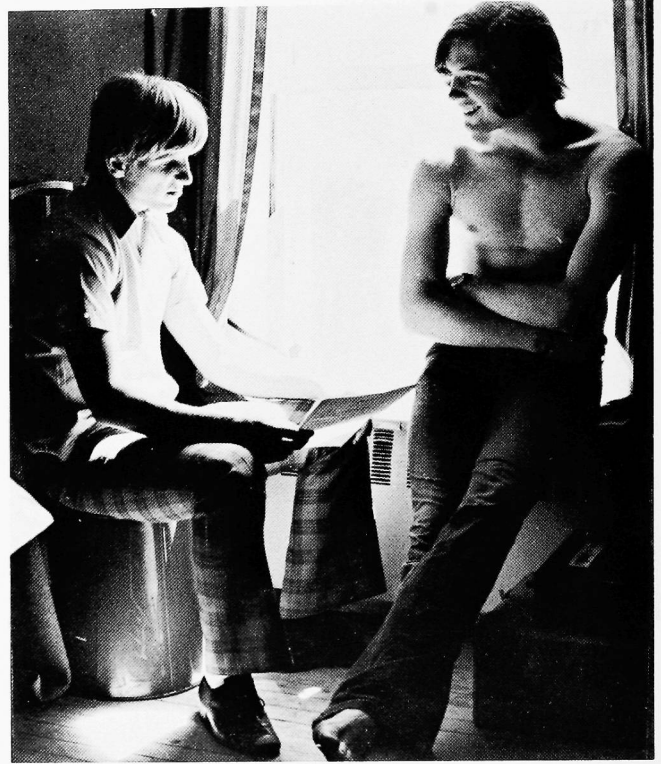
Discipline was notably maintained by our prefect, Kenneth Joseph, and his wise and wonderful roommate, Pierre, while around campus, Mark's cheery smile soon became a trademark of the residence much as Derek's had last year. On the ecological side, a number of nature lovers took up gardening and Speedball, along with various others, often kept the tree company, whenever it was lonely. Inside, the Saturday Evening Club enjoyed many meetings, while Neil, Paul and Gere, who usually stayed home, watched the hockey game in the basement. Rick even scored a hole on one downstairs, although he was pressed to do it.

Among our more notable house achievements was the fact that our snowsculpture melted last (May 16th) and that over 8,483,214 tuckshop openings took place during the year.

Congratulations must be given to Mr. Owen (D.O.T.) on his timely appointment as Senior Master. Also, to Mr. Bateman and Mr. Greer, who are unfortunately leaving us next year, we would like to express our deep thanks and appreciation for providing us with their never ending wit and wisdom throughout the last 10 months.



# WILLIAMS HOUSE



Standing: S. Graham, P. Dussault, L. Dupuy, J. Tocher, W. Bowden, M. Morris, R. Hsi, W. Ghans, R. Tsi, G. Bowie, B. Langill, R. Murphy, D. Lightfine, B. McQuade.

Sitting: C. Law, C. Atkinson, M. Stephen, (Prefect), J. Parker, Esq., (Ass't. Housemaster), A. Campbell, Esq., (Housemaster), B. Ander, Esq., (Ass't. Housemaster), R. Glass, (Prefect), L. Davies, T. Norwood.

Front Row: D. Thraves, D. Speth.



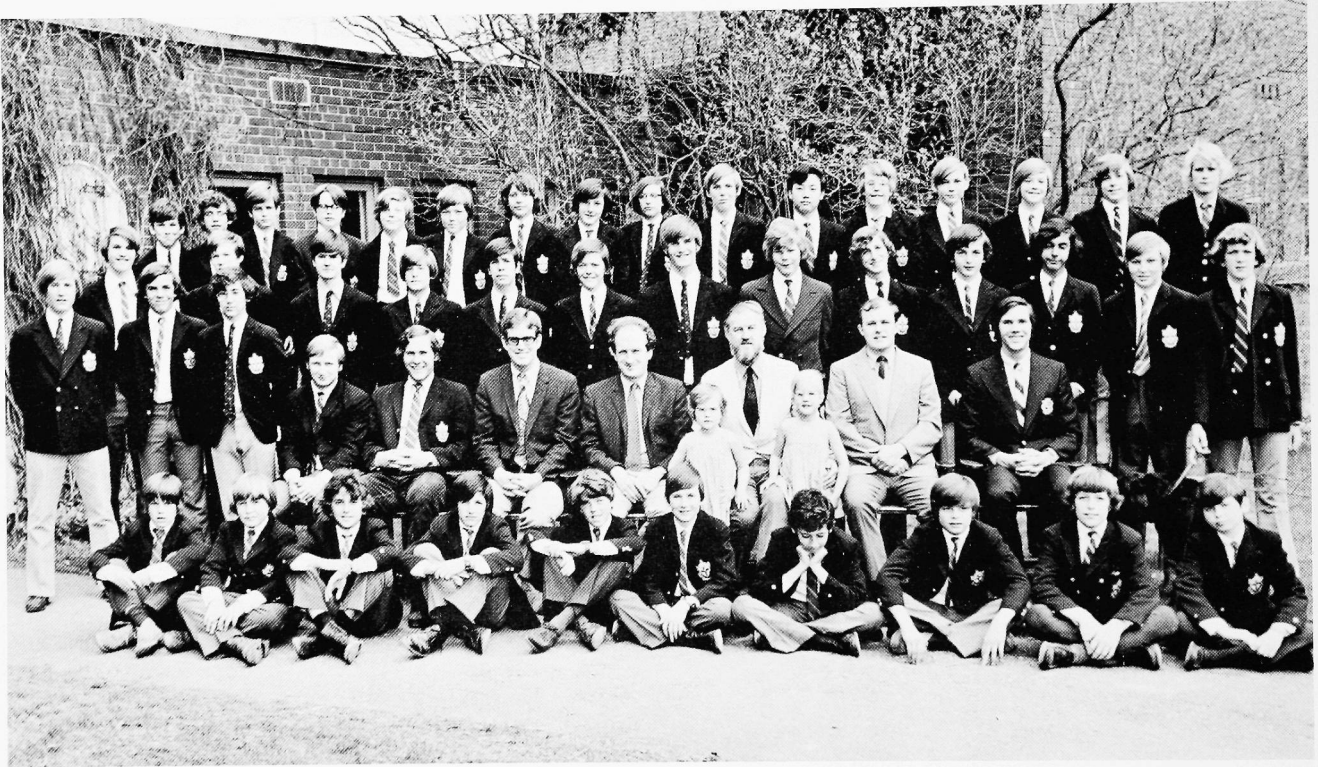
As the bus turned into the familiar barbed wire enclosure of Stalag Bishop's old Willie Barracks didn't seem too different, because the difference was inside. The six veterans from last year were confronted with fourteen new recruits, of which only five were graduates of the Glass House Boot Camp.

The camp staff was headed by Commandant Campbell with Brigadier Brian Ander keeping order from his split level residence, and the New member, Private Parker, appeared with a pair of red track shorts and was riding a Honda 90. The shorts seem to be the right size for the house and already it wouldn't be the same without old "dude".

This year, as usual, Willie House had her share of "far out" characters. It seems any poor soul who wandered into the house would be assailed by a multitude of weird sights; he would see Al Kirschbaum's room and about five broken windows, or find Bob Langill yelling incoherently at the top of his voice or perhaps a line of people at a shower screaming obscenities at Russ Murphy. Chris, Clive, George and Wayne were a strange set of seniors while Mark and Crick were really the only sane people around.



# GLASS HOUSE



Back Row: D. McDonagh, P. Jarjour, W. Tooth, B. Fray, T. Jervis-Read, D. Roberts, A. Speth, S. Lunney, F. Seveigny, J. Stairs, W. Yoon, N. Lomasney, R. Hodgson, D. Stoker, P. Bonser, R. Large.

Fourth Row: P. Tinari, B. Pollock, M. Shupe, S. Singer, R. Pollock, B. Messier, H. Busse, B. Duval, T. Bey, B. Farakuki, W. Guy, A. Stairs, B. McQuade.

Third Row: R. Vaughan, S. Cross, B. Rossy.

Second Row: T. Norwood, (Senior), L. Davies, (Senior), Mr. D. Bennett, Esq., (Ass't. Housemaster), Mr. E. Detchon, Esq., (Ass't. Housemaster), Mr. A. Robertson, Esq., (Housemaster), P. Brooke, (Prefect).

Front Row: J. Hibbard, P. Laframboise, M. Barakett, K. Matson, J. Francis, B. Barden, C. Lariva, I. Goodfellow, N. Lewis, A. Park.







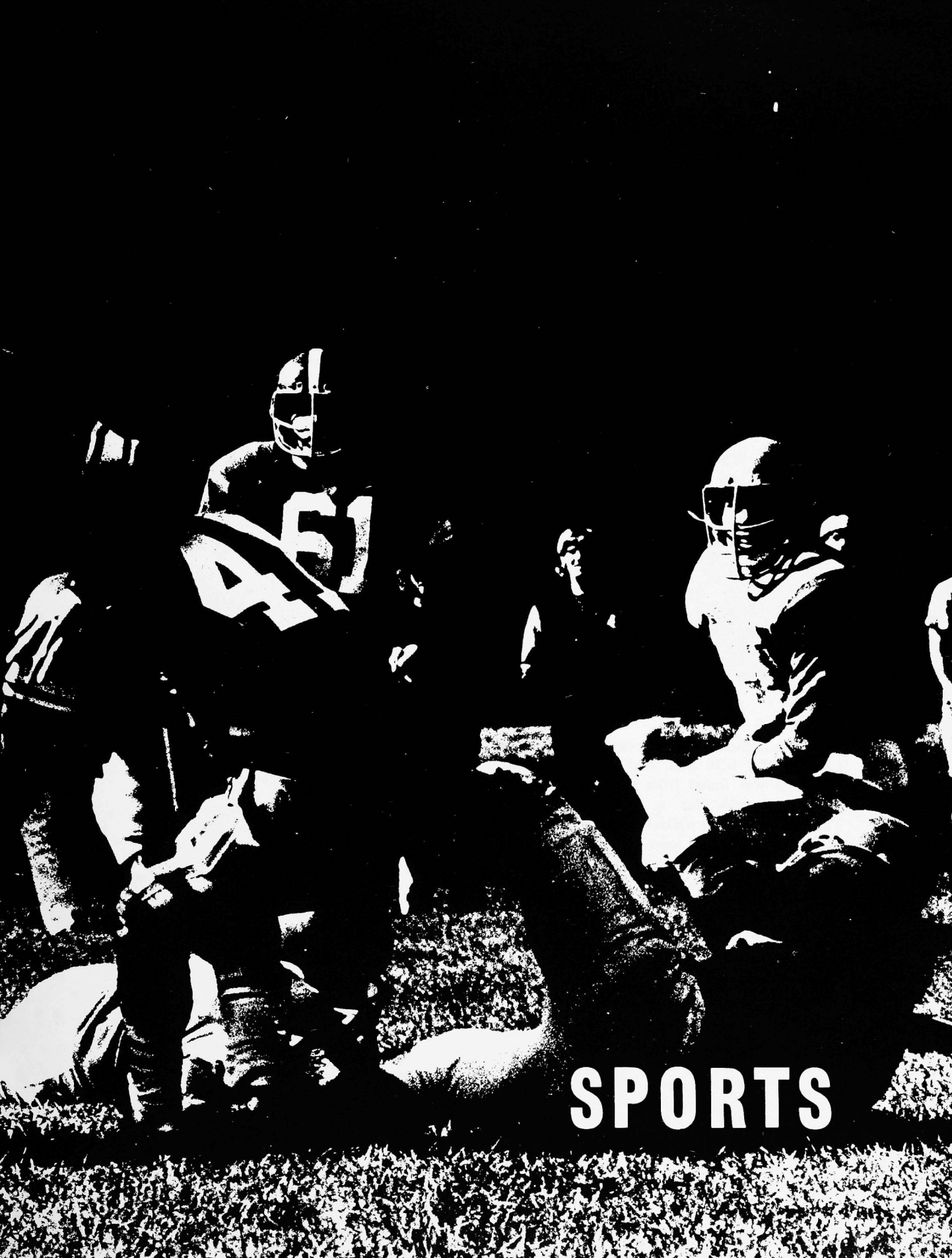
The New Boys took little time to learn the ropes from the Second Form veterans and Glass House was soon into full swing. We could see why they needed all Messrs. Robertson, Detchon, Dutton, Bennett and Prefect Pete, Daisies and that powerful little Newfie, Toby. Their group of seven kept us busy and in line — a super feat.

They started with no-no's, a new treat we all loved. But to keep us from getting too many Mr. Robertson began a house league. Bédard's team was the champion in football. Then there were those endless practices for our effort of a scene from 'H.M.S. Pinafore' for the house play competition. The end result was respectable and so were we — as girls, eh, Randy?

With ice in the rink many of the Glass Housers moved there for residence. The Sunday afternoon game was the highlight of the week — except when some of us lost our tempers. For our Christmas party each dorm got together to show their creativity in skits. Shows like Dacre's turned out to be quite something.

For a snow sculpture for the Winter Carnival we rolled and threw together — a girl breaking Glass House. It was an easy last place. With spring came baseball and it tided us over to the end. So the group of seven pulled us through and with a minimum amount of no-no's. We congratulate them as we do ourselves. It was the last year with boys and they'll never forget us.





**SPORTS**



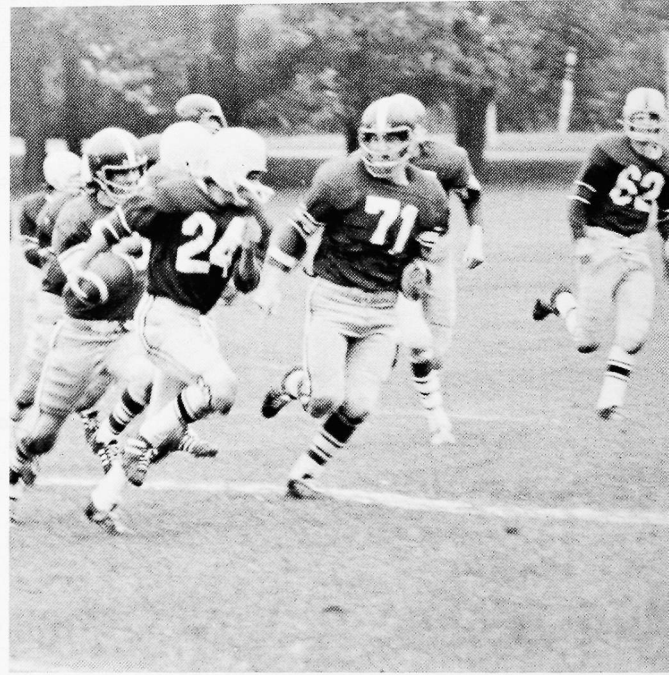
# SENIOR FOOTBALL

## New Uniforms, Coach and Spirit To 5-5 Record



Those senior football jocks will never forget those gleeful 6.30 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. practices but what was found from the survivors of these few first weeks was a fit and potential unit. This showed as they walked over Howard S. Billings with a confident 45-0 score. Not all was up to par as they lost the Shirley Russell Cup to L.C.C. 21-7, and the Old Boys Cup to Ashbury.

Yet under the captains — C. Glass and P. Ostrom and some fine running by K. Reardon and W. Ghans victory was comfortable over the Alexander Galt gronks and the Selwyn House boys — winning both series. However, they won as a team and not as individuals. When they weren't together they had trouble as they did with the Old Boys who beat them 24-6 and, of course, we can't forget Stanstead who beat them by a landslide in both games. Though there were the low points of the season, the highlights must be remembered. With great effort by the coaches the team's 5-5-0 record is one to shine over the last few senior football teams. Football once again is recognized as a respected sport of the School.





## SENIOR FOOTBALL RECORD

B.C.S. — 45	H.S.B.R.H.S. — 0
B.C.S. — 7	L.C.C. — 21
B.C.S. — 9	Stanstead — 32
B.C.S. — 26	A.G.R.H.S. — 15
B.C.S. — 0	Ashbury — 7
B.C.S. — 25	Selwyn House — 6
B.C.S. — 2	Stanstead — 52
B.C.S. — 25	Selwyn House — 0
B.C.S. — 13	A.G.R.H.S. — 6
B.C.S. — 6	Old Boys — 24

WON 5

LOST 5



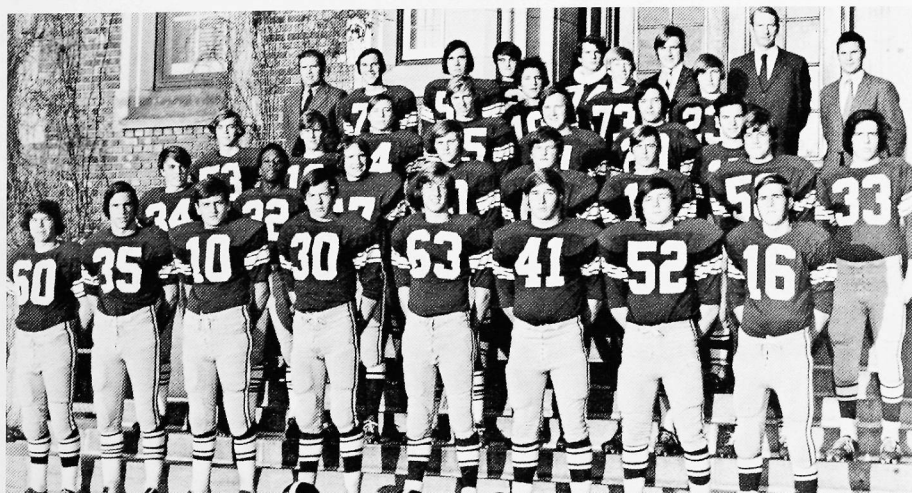
Back Row: M. Wright, I. Miller, G. McGee, F. S. Large (Headmaster).

Fourth Row: W. Nugent, Esq., P. Brooke, D. Ardill, L. Smith, P. Singleton, B. Horricks, C. Goodwin, Esq.

Third Row: B. Scott, B. Langill, B. Mein, N. Robinson, B. Sewell, C. Atkinson, J. Serventi.

Second Row: G. Bowie, W. Ghans, P. Paterson, P. Dupuy, M. Dixon, J. Gillis, M. Lefebvre, P. Leger.

Front Row: C. Simpkin, K. Reardon, A. Wojatsek, P. Ostrom, R. Glass, J. Atkins, P. Marchuk, D. Barden.



# BANTAM FOOTBALL

## Small Turn-out, Small Results But Fun



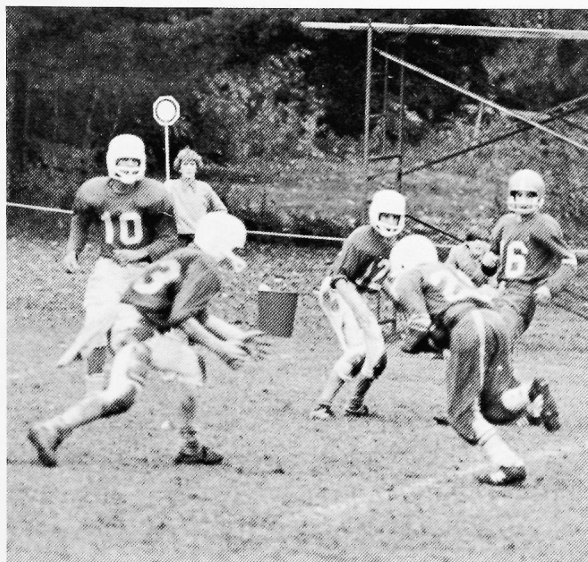
The football season started off with a meeting to find out who was going to try for the team. The two coaches, Mr. Ander and Mr. Bédard, must have received a shock when only eight boys turned up. Then it was discovered that the age limit had been changed and that eleven more boys were eligible.

Very few of them had had any real football experience so they started their training the next day. Gradually they obtained the skills which were needed to play proper football. Two games were then arranged for them against Selwyn House School, but the outcome was not too pleasant as they were beaten by a score of 12 - 0. In the next game they were defeated 13 - 0. After these two games Mr. Ander arranged two more matches against a team from St. Hubert. Unfortunately the two games became a disaster as in both contests they were beaten by close to fifty points.

The season was a worthwhile one even though they didn't score a point and they greatly appreciated the time and effort put in by these coaches.







Top Row: M. Gauvin, B. Duval, D. Fuller, R. Vaughan, A. Monk, B. Ander, Esq.  
 Middle Row: B. Messier, T. Bey, A. Stairs, S. Singer, S. Cross, S. Lunney.  
 Front Row: A. Park, K. Matson, A. Speth, T. Price, D. Speth, D. Morales-Bello, D. Roberts.

# SENIOR SOCCER

## A Championship And An End Of An Era

An era of soccer has come to a close at B.C.S. The members of the Senior team completed their fourth season of soccer together by capturing their fourth Eastern Townships championship.

This year's team holds many memories of its games and opponents during the past season; in particular, the Richmond cow pasture which doubled as a soccer field, Rusty, Steve and the other Alexander Galt pitchforkers, that Toni fellow from Billings with the nice nose, the fiendly orientals George and Po-shoe from Stanstead, and Mr. Lacroix's skill in the Masters' game.

But above all they remember each other: David Vaughan for his scoring punch and cracking knees, Toby Norwood for his bulldozer tactics and phlebitis, Aird Barwick for his ability to score when his parents were watching, Graeme Thomson for his left wing lofts, Graeme Magor for his right wing rushes, Peter Smith for his slide-tackling and ball control, Mark Stephen for his penalty shots and air conditioned shorts, Brent Salt for his powerful left foot, Phil Lawee for the confusion he created with brother Ron during senior "B" games, David Murchison for his Brazilian songs and midfield goal at Selwyn House, Harvey Simkovits for his .93 goaling average and for answering nature's call during crucial moments in games, and coach Bateman for his variations on the game (Italian soccer) and for always knowing the location of the soccer field.

Long live the Pélés!





## SENIOR SOCCER RECORD

B.C.S.	Opponent
0 —	H.S.B.R.H.S. — 2
0 —	Stanstead — 1
4 —	R.R.H.S. — 1
1 —	Stanstead — 1
2 —	A.G.R.H.S. — 0
1 —	R.R.H.S. — 0
4 —	Ashbury — 1
3 —	A.G.R.H.S. — 2
10 —	Selwyn House — 0
1 —	H.S.B.R.H.S. — 3
4 —	Old Boys — 0
5 —	Senior "B" — 0
8 —	Senior "B" — 2
5 —	Masters — 0

WON 10 — LOST 3 — TIED 1



Back Row: F. S. Large (Headmaster), G. Magor, H. Simkovits, G. Thomson, D. Vaughan, S. Bateman, Esq.

Middle Row: P. Lawee, B. Salt, T. Norwood, D. Murchison.

Front Row: M. Stephen, M. Zinay, A. Barwick, L. Kredl, P. Smith.



# JUNIOR SOCCER

## Fun And Games But No Wins

"It's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game." How appropriate this saying is for the junior soccer team this year. They were winless all season, except for their two so-called "games" against the Junior "B" team.

This does not mean that they were lazy or idle; they gave a great deal of effort. They had been beaten at Stanstead College by a much bigger and older team 8-0 and then played the same team again losing 3-2 in the dying minutes. They had a team that could pull things together and this was best displayed in that game.

The team has memories that its players will not forget for many years. Who will ever forget Dudley's exercises or the first game at Mont-Sainte-Anne, or playing on their field after a rain storm, or the Ashbury trip, eh, Pete?

At this time they would like to thank Mr. Dutton for his continuous help during the season as their coach and to Tess, his dog, who provided some humorous moments during the practices.



Back Row: F. Wilmer, R. Smith, T. Graham, B. Petersen, M. Medland, D. Stenason, D. Dutton, Esq.  
Second Row: D. Park, P. Rich, P. Dunn.  
Front Row: G. Hallward, G. Winterson, C. Peniston, S. Mulherin, T. Ross.



# BANTAM SOCCER

## No Luck And No Exceptional Season



A good bantam soccer team was produced for the '71 soccer season but the opposition was just too tough. They tied 3 of 6 league games and lost 2 of them by 1 goal. This year they just didn't have the talent or the luck.

Their best game was in exhibition play against Ashbury. In a very close contest they came from behind to win 3-2. They displayed two very exciting games against an older Stanstead team.

In league play they could have been in the playoffs if they had won a few of the "closies". They tied Richmond twice and lost by a small margin against A.G.R.H.S.

The team's strength was down center with goalie Stoker, halfback Bédard, and big forward Henri Bussé. Bédard, Lewis, Bussé, Bonser and Rossy were their greatest scorers.

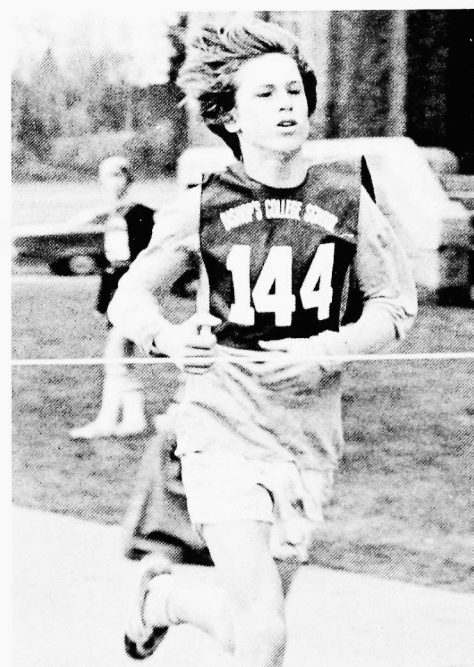
What can be said about a team that didn't win a league game? . . . except that they learnt and had fun doing it.



Back Row: E. Detchon, Esq., R. Large, P. Bonser, R. Hodgson, W. Yoon, B. Farakuki, H. Busse.

Front Row: M. Barakett, N. Lewis, B. Rossy, M. Bedard, W. Tooth, D. Stoker, B. McQuade, J. Stairs.





Conditions were perfect for the Annual Cross Country. The land was dry and the temperature a warm 60°, and there was a little breeze to keep things cool.

In the Senior Division, a quiet but able runner, namely Graeme Magor, crossed the finish line first before Larry Kredl followed across in second place. In third was Neil Robinson. Roommates Jamie Fuller and Pete Marchuk of Grier House crossed the finish line 4th and 5th respectively. Following these five were: N. Lewin — 6, A. Barwick — 7. G. Hallward 8, D. Côté — 9, P. Singleton — 10. The blue and white from Grier House took honours and the senior shield.

In the Junior Division it appeared to be record-breaking as three runners broke the previous record of 21:00 set last year. Tony Ross broke the tape first with a record time of 20 mins. 25 secs. Next across was big "Hank" Bussé who also broke the record and third across was Marc Bédard — again a record breaker. Following the record breakers were P. Tinari — 4, A. Monk — 5, S. Cross — 6, D. Boiteau — 7, W. Guy — 8, C. Goodfellow — 9, N. Lewis — 10.

## ANNUAL CROSS COUNTRY

### Fair Day for Seniors While Juniors Set Records

# SENIOR HOCKEY

## Super Team To Everything But Provincials

Certainly to the boys who played on this year's senior hockey team, the season stands out as a very exceptional one. For the first time in a number of years the school could support a team that was not only colourful, but confident in matching any other. This the seniors demonstrated in dramatically capturing the league and play-off championship, and in falling just short in the Provincial Tournament.

Indeed it can be said that this year's squad was a source of great pride for the school. Also, a few hard lessons were learned about over-confidence, especially from a certain team wearing red jerseys.

However, the victories were numerous and in the last of the traditional meetings between B.C.S. and Deerfield Academy, the seniors held their own for the first time in years to loose the hard fought contest by a mere goal.

To our sorrow, the man who "tried" to skate with us during practices (and took his bumps on the head like everyone else) and paced behind the bench throughout games will, unfortunately, be leaving the school after fourteen devoted years.



Back Row: B. Salt, S. Lewis, R. Bedard, Esq., P. Marchuk, N. Robinson, J. Gillis, M. Dixon, P. Smith, M. Zinay.

Front Row: L. Kredl, G. Stewart, D. Lalonde, P. Leger, D. Barden, M. Stephen, C. Simpkin.







# JUNIOR HOCKEY

A Unified Team  
To 2nd Place

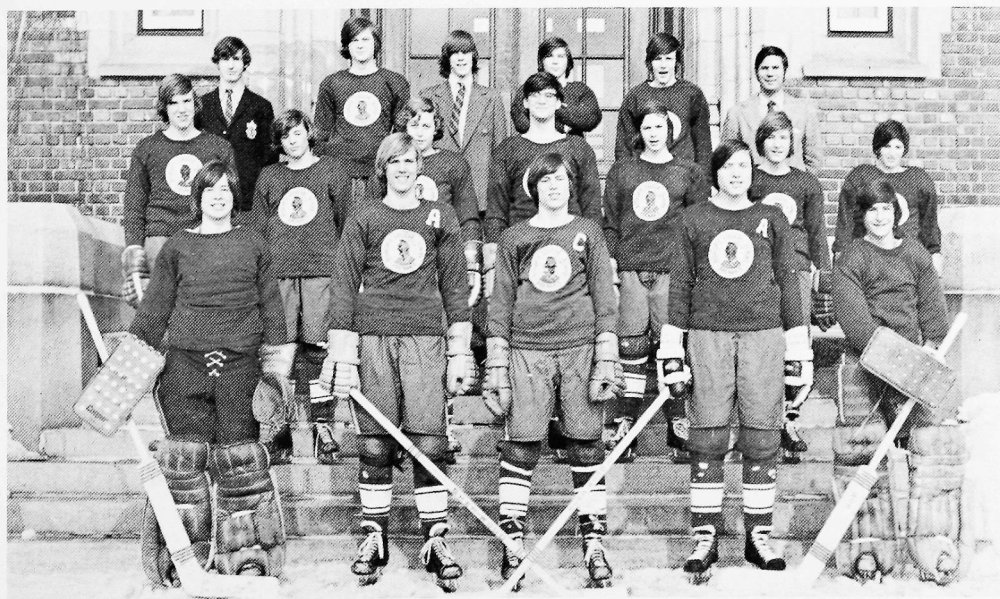
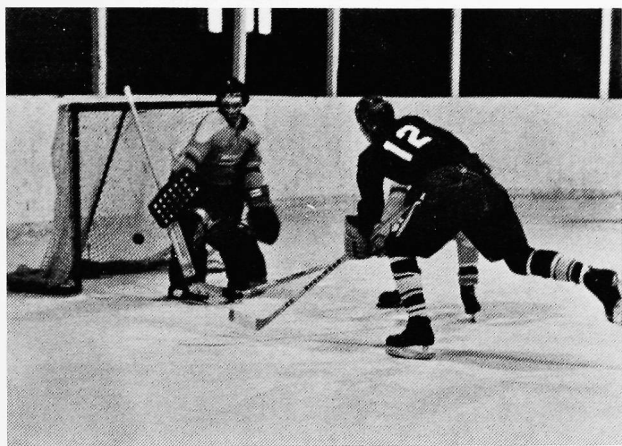


Having a successful season the Abenakis finished second in the Eastern Townships League. The team started off in first place but handed the position over to Alexander Galt later in the season. In the play-offs against Semenaire the Abenakis won 3-2 by an overtime score.

In the first of a two-game series against A.G.R.H.S. there was a tie. The Abenakis lost the second game by a disappointing 3-0 score.

In exhibition games they beat Selwyn House's senior team twice with scores of 6-2 and 4-0. The game against Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts proved to be the climax of the season and of their ability. They played well and just lost by a slim score of 2-1.

The success of the team came with their spirit and togetherness. Coach Goodwin had formed them as a unit.



Top Row: M. Morris, D. Horner, P. Asselman, F. Tardi, J. White, C. Goodwin, Esq.

Middle Row: D. Fuller, A. Monk, D. Lightfine, G. Winterson, D. Stenason, R. Vaughan, K. Matson.

Front Row: B. Petersen, M. Medland, T. Ross, B. Mein, T. Price.

# BANTAM HOCKEY

## Sheer Effort And Desire To Championship



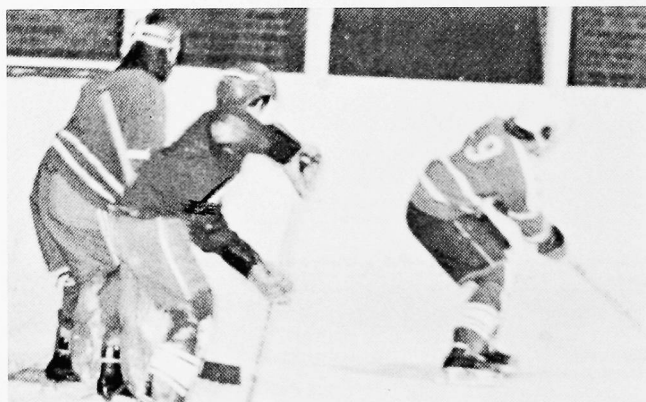
The '71-'72 Hurons were champions. They came from ankles skating to the championship.

In exhibition play they experienced two disappointing losses but enjoyed whipping Stanstead 8-3 at S.C. and 4-1 at B.C.S.

As indicated in the final standings the league was so evenly matched that they could just as easily have ended up in first place as in the cellar.

Coming second in the league they defeated Seminaire 5-2 in the semi-finals. In this game Mr. Nugent had enough confidence to let back up goalie Messier play the dying minutes. In the finals at B.C.S. they beat a confident Galt team 3-2 with a one goal lead. They went to Bishop's University for the second and last game of the total point series. A.G.R.H.S. led 2-0 before Bonser tied the total score 4-4. Then big "Hank" Bussé after two overtime periods scored the trophy winner.

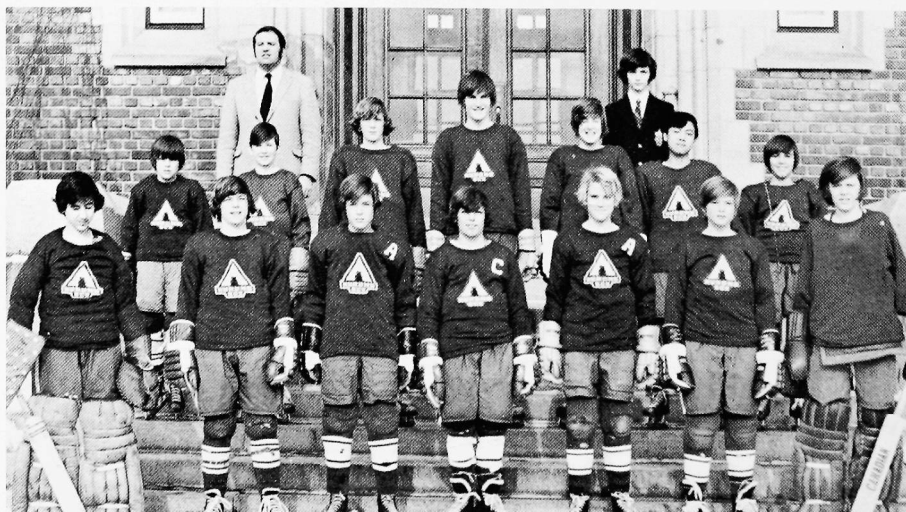
People said that they couldn't win a game, that they might not score a goal, but Mr. Nugent gave them the confidence and drove them to victory.



First Row: W. Nugent, Esq., B. Farakuki.

Second Row: J. Hibbard, B. Barden, C. McQuade, H. Busse, S. Singer, W. Yoon, D. Morales-Bello.

Third Row: B. Rossy, P. Bonser, M. Bedard, N. Lewis, R. Large, D. Stoker, B. Messier.







Standing: B. Scott, D. Stairs, R. Lawee, D. Murphy, R. Eddy, D. Ardill, P. Brooke, L. Davies, L. Lawee, B. Graham, P. Singleton, B. Gaul, T. Price, P. Dunn, S. Bateman, Esq.  
Kneeling: T. Norwood, G. Hallward, R. Glass, J. Gafers, T. Lynch.



This year was one of surprises for the B.C.S. Squash team. In many cases they surprised themselves as well as their opponents with their calibre of play.

The first test came in Quebec City, Jan. 15, against Laval University and the Sports Club of Quebec teams. Although they lost it was an excellent experience.

However, on the 28th of January they bounced back to beat the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association Junior members — four matches to two.

In the Quebec open Junior and Juvenile tournaments at the M.A.A.A. the School's top players participated with Tom Lynch reaching the semi-finals.

At the Montreal Badminton and Squash Club on Feb. 19 a twelve man team came home with a 2 - 16 win in matches. Appleby College, the only independent school that we played, defeated us in some narrow and exciting matches.

The Quebec Closed Junior & Juvenile Tournament was held here. By the end of play, Tom Lynch had taken the Junior title and Graham Hallward was runner-up in the Juvenile.

Thus ended a very successful season and the team would like to thank Mr. Bateman who showed them some good times and kept them amused with his antics in the courts.

## SQUASH

### A New High Level

## SKIING

Depth of Juniors and Seniors  
Brings Home All The Silverware



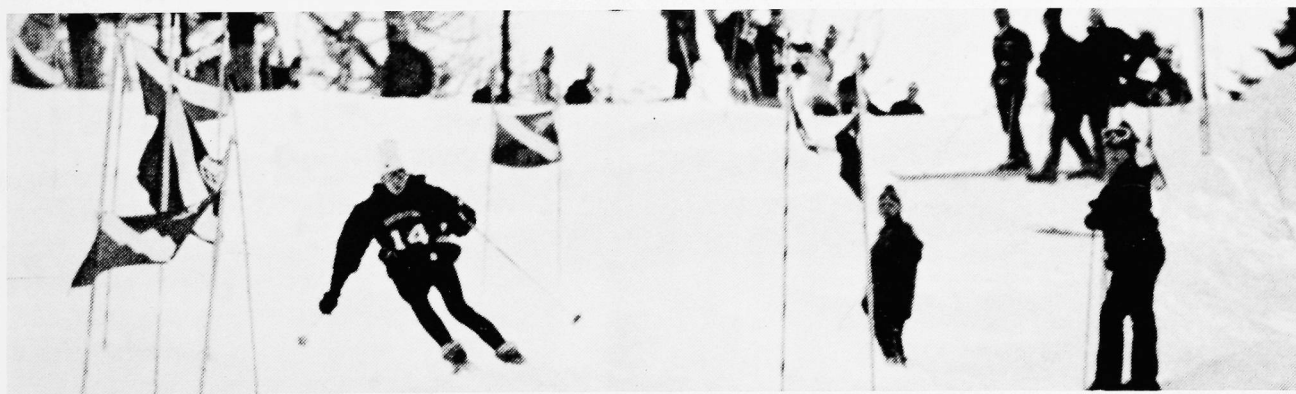


In January, the ski team was visited by Stanstead for a cross-country race on the B.C.S. circuit. Ranier Speth led the senior team to an easy victory, setting a new course record in the process. Daniel Boiteau clocked the best Junior time, placing second overall, to lead his team to a close victory.

Several members of the Senior team competed in a Molstar race at Mt. Orford with Ponder, Norwood, and Speth placing fifth, seventh and eleventh respectively to win gold medals.

Their only major meet was held at Owl's Head. The Senior team nearly met disaster in the giant slalom and slalom as several of their better racers took a spill. The junior team, however, made a better showing. By the third day only three teams were left in the running for the senior championships. The junior and senior trophies were captured by B.C.S. as both the cross-country teams were victorious in the final event.

Competitive skiing, as a so-called "individual sport", has been subjected to varying amounts of criticism, all to the effect that because it is not a "team effort" it is less beneficial to the individual — a paradox in itself, but no matter how you look at it, the sum of individuals comprise a team. Therefore, there can be no doubt that this year's competitors were a team in the true sense of the word.



Back Row: E. Detchon, Esq., G. Bowie, P. Ostrom, D. Vaughan, P. Lawee, F. S. Large (Headmaster).

Front Row: R. Speth, T. Norwood, C. Ponder.

Back Row: E. Detchon, Esq., F. Wilmer, H. Notman, D. Boiteau, D. Speth.

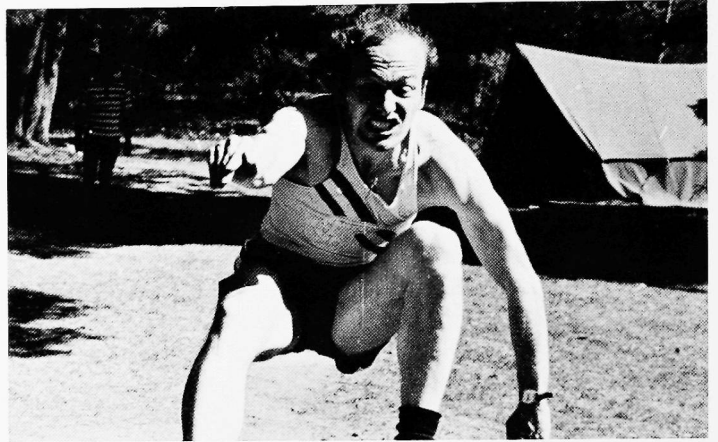
Front Row: P. Barakett, A. Stairs, D. Roberts.





# TRACK AND FIELD

## Coaches Develop A Team of Depth



Back Row: D. Ardill, C. Sparrow (Mgr.), D. Campbell, Esq., F. S. Large (Headmaster), J. Parker, Esq., M. Clermont (Mgr.), T. Kirkwood.

Fourth Row: P. Tinari, N. Robinson, M. Lefebvre, P. Lawee, I. Miller, H. Busse, P. Ostrom, K. Reardon, G. McGee, R. Murphy, P. Dupuy, G. Magor, J. White.

Third Row: P. Singleton, C. Simpkin, G. Stewart, M. Dixon, N. Lewin, P. Marchuk, G. Bowie, M. Michel, J. Atkins, B. Snyder, J. Apostolides, L. Smith, J. Gillis, M. Frosst, W. Nugent, Esq.

Second Row: C. Goodwin, Esq., G. Thomson, P. Wilmer, W. Ghans, S. Gilbert, R. Eddy, R. Haskell, B. Scott, C. Stewart-Patterson, M. Morris.

Front Row: J. Thatcher, S. Fraser, B. Langill, R. Wolvin, F. Wilmer, T. Ross, S. Cross, C. Goodfellow, D. McDonagh, W. Tooth, C. LaRiva, W. Yoon, R. Pollock.

New coaches — new team! In front of Messrs. Parker, Nugent and Goodwin there was a difficult task with so many meets, but they would produce a respectable team.

Fortunately, a number of the team members were in shape from Mr. Parker's indoor track program. The season began with varied exercises and drills, all of them with the goal of getting the members into shape and ready. After a couple of weeks, the team looked good and it was time to test.

The first meet was a difficult one that B.C.S. has never attended before. The meet was in St. Lambert and it was set up as an A.A.U. meet, contrary to the normal high school meets that the school is used to. Hence, no one really excelled, but most people would agree that it was a good experience.

The next meet was a new one to the Eastern Townships and it was initiated by Mr. Parker. It was called the "B.C.S. Relays", naturally all events being relays. The team showed its depth by winning the boys' section. The meet was a success and it seems as if it has rooted itself as a major Eastern Townships event.

Following that was the Stanstead meet. This was a disappointment. Their team realized its potential — but nothing got together. Partly because of age regulations and partly because the team wasn't psyched up, the meet was a fiasco.

However, it was the following week that the team was looking forward to. The Eastern Townships Meet in Sherbrooke is the test of all meets. As many people have said, it is at this meet we judge our own quality. The weather was beautiful and the team was ready. It was a super meet with an amazing number of records being broken, B.C.S. making a good contribution. B.C.S. came a close second and definitely gave AGRHS a run for their money. There was no doubt that the coaches had produced their respectable team.



# FIRST XI CRICKET

Batting and Fielding Never  
Together But Better Than  
Average Season



## FIRST XI CRICKET RECORD

B.C.S.	Opponents	
71	Masters	62
87	T.C.S. 2nds	112
29	S.A.C.	47
68	Bank of Montreal	46
41	Old Boys	115
27	Adastrians	53





Back Row: F. S. Large (Headmaster), L. Kredl, D. Vaughan, M. Medland, B. Salt, M. Stephen, N. Campbell, Esq.

Middle Row: J. Gafers, B. Sewell, (Ass't Capt.), R. Glass, (Capt.), D. Murchison, (Ass't Capt.), G. Winterson.

Front Row: A. Barwick, P. Hamel (scorer), P. Rich.



"Move de leg, man. MOVE DE LEG!" First XI Cricket started off with the basics and Mr. Barker, a Montreal cricketer, drilled it to them. Mr. Barker and Mr. N. Campbell, the school coach, had a good foundation with nine members from last year. New coaches and almost all of last year's squad — it was going to be interesting.

Their first game was against the masters. It was close and they won with a wicket to spare. It was a confidence builder and let the dust settle because the next week was the Ontario tour. Only twice had they been on the field and the first game on the tour against St. Andrews was shaky. The game was close and they fielded well but they got crucified by one of St. Andrews' fast bowlers. The other match was against Trinity College. The First XI fielded like clowns and T.C.S. side batted well. They declared at 112 for 6. It was a challenge that they almost replied to but they fell two minutes short of a draw. Two close games just lost but their activity over the weekend didn't stop there. Poor Aurora and Port Hope had the displeasure of seven Brian Sewells at one time.

By some fine bowling they beat the Bank of Montreal — a feat that had not been done for many years. There all was intact — both fielding and batting. In the next games against the Adastrians and Old Boys it wasn't. Both games were lost.

It doesn't sound like a great season yet deep down the statistics showed that it was — better batting averages, better bowling averages. They just missed out on the close ones.



# TENNIS

## Nothing Unusual But Whips Stanstead

This year there was the usual tennis crease that began with the customary shoveling of snow and ice and the preparing of the courts.

In the fall there was a small crease that went to Selwyn House and the overall games from the two teams met in a draw.

In the spring there were two competitions against Stanstead College. The first was at the School with Tim Price, Bob White, Tom Lynch, Simon Lewis, Denis Stairs and Mark Bédard winning seven out of eight separate games which were played. On their trip to Stanstead College the tennis crease fielded a somewhat weakened team to make play more competitive and they still won six out of six games. This "weakened" team was completely from Grier House right down to the coach and spare.



Standing: T. Price, D. Stairs, R. Bedard, Esq., R. White, S. Lewis.  
Kneeling: J. Fuller, T. Lynch, R. Smith, D. Park.

Standing: A. Campbell, Esq., A. Gilchrist, R. McIntosh, S. Lam, C. Peniston, P. Paterson.

Second Row: D. Courey, R. Hsi, D. Sayer, L. Harrison, R. Ilsley.

Absent: K. Smith.



Since its origin, pioneering crease (landscaping) has been an object of criticism. Its hard-working and persevering members have been unjustly labelled lead-swingers and slackers upon numerous occasions, and its countless achievements are seldom recognized. But credit should go to those who have taken it upon themselves to beautify and maintain the grounds we spend a good deal of our time looking at. Under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Campbell, the pioneering boys have planted numerous flowers along the roadside, a few trees in the vicinity of the library. They have redeveloped the Smith House picnic ground with the aid and supervision of Mr. Ron Owen, and have accomplished innumerable other seemingly impossible missions throughout the course of the short spring term.

## LANDSCAPING

Does More Than  
We Think







# ACTIVITIES

# CADETS

The greatest change in the year's Cadet Corps lay in the greater emphasis on cadet activities. New ones like Fire Fighting and Mountain Country were added to the list that involved others such as Hunter's Safety, First Aid, Royal Life Saving, Survival and Riflery.

Lieutenant-General J. A. Dextraze, Vice-Chief of Defence Staff, was the Inspecting Officer. He must have been impressed by the two pipers that brought him and his staff onto the parade field.

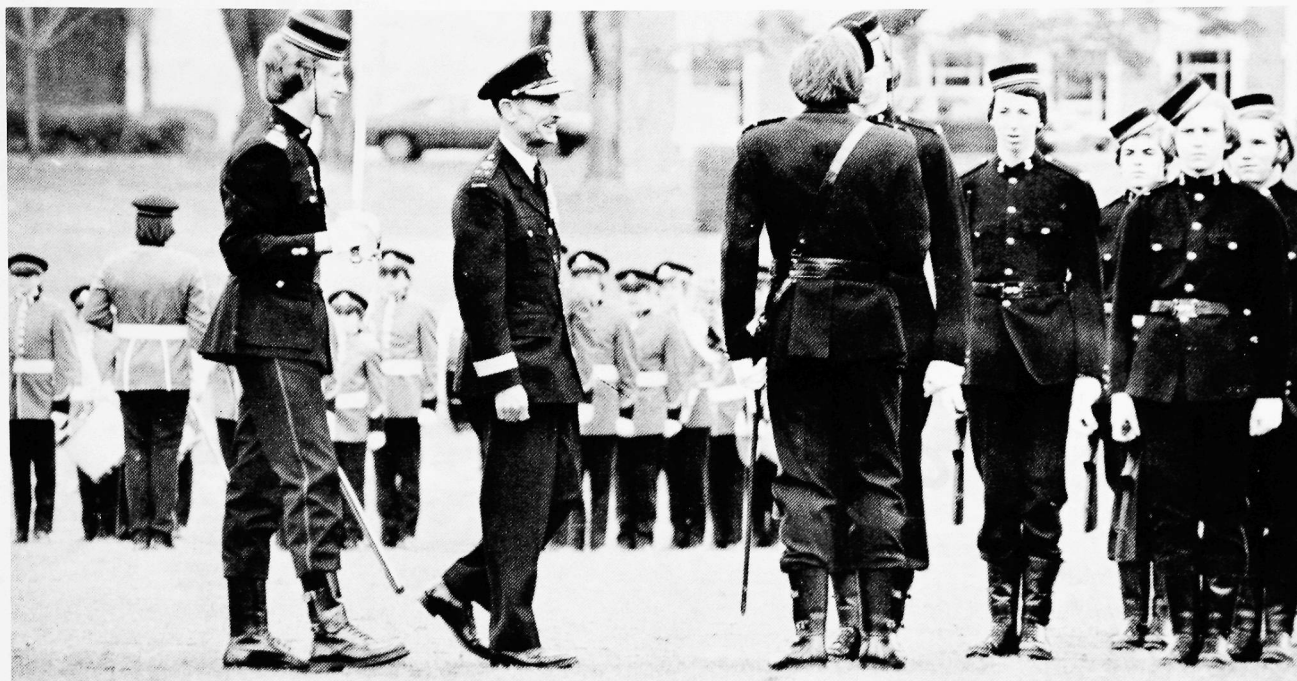
C.S.M. Law formed up the corps and handed over to Capt. Stephen who went through the basic routine of marching on the officers and handing the corps over to Major Glass. The Corps was inspected and then it marched past in close column of platoons and companies.

Various demonstrations were put on for the Inspecting Officer and guests as a means of summing up the yearly activities of the corps. This included two cadets repelling from the second storey window of the main building for part of the Mountain Country demonstration.

Afterwards the hollow square was formed and the awards given out. This year they went to Cdt. Scott, Best Recruit; Cpl. Wojatsek, Best Cadet; S/gt. Simkovits, Best Instructor; Sgt. Davies, most efficient N.C.O.; Lt. Ostrom, Best Shot. The Strathcona Trust Medal went to Maj. C. Glass for the best cadet regardless of rank. No. 5 platoon, commanded by Lt. Lawee won the inter-platoon shoot and No. 3 platoon, commanded by Lt. Sewell, won the inter-platoon competition.

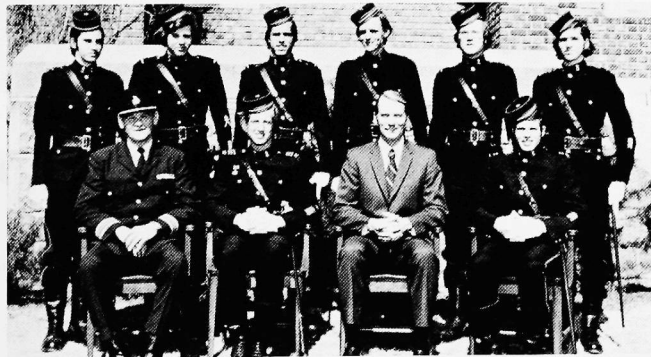






Standing: Cdt. Lt. J. Apostolides, Cdt. Lt. P. Ostrom, Cdt. Lt. K. Reardon, Cdt. Lt. A. Evans, Cdt. Lt. B. Sewell, Cdt. Lt. P. Lawee.

Sitting: Maj. S. F. Abbot, Cdt. Maj. R. Glass, F. S. Large (Headmaster), Cdt. Capt. M. Stephen.



Back Row: T. Lynch, G. Gillis, D. Ardill, C. Peniston, A. Kirschbaum.  
Second Row: B. Barden, S. Mulherin, T. Bey, D. Park, R. Speth, N. Lomasney, D. Speth, M. Barakett.

Front Row: B. Scott, C. Ponder, T. Kirkwood, M. Zinay, warrant(off., S. Fraser, P. Dunn, J. Fuller, R. Haskell, V. Taboika.

## Cadet Officers



## Band

# DANCES

Of the three major dances held at B.C.S. this year, by far the most imaginative was the Tea Dance in November. The theme of the dance was the 1920's and the style put everyone back to those roaring years. A prohibition bar that served cokes and sandwiches could have been a replica of almost any bar of those times. Richard Haskell played the honky-tonk piano when the band, Mandingo, took a break between sets. The organizers of the dance, Crick Glass and Lyall Davies along with members of the dance committee, are to be congratulated for what was rumoured to be the best dance ever.

The Carnival Dance was next and it was the finale of a week of 'Carni-fun'. The Fifth Form of both King's Hall and Bishop's were in charge of the dance, and they made use of the playboy symbol to produce a colorfully decorated dance floor. The band was the Souls of Inspiration, a well-known local group.

The final dance of the year was the Invite, which turned out to be a great success, perhaps because of its location at the Ripplecove Inn on Lake Massawippi, or perhaps because it was a cosy "tête-à-tête" affair with only thirty couples attending.





The B.C.S. Social Service Program continued in much the same fashion as last year. It wasn't as difficult to draft people into the program and this was proven by the number of people who wanted to help.

No matter who each tutor had for a student, whether he was at the pre-school or high school level, many good relationships developed. This was perhaps shown by the enjoyment of the children and the students at the annual Hallowe'en dinner, at the weekly skating periods, and at the closing sugaring-off party. This better relationship then helped to overcome any communicative and thus teaching problems.

As always, any program such as this has to have co-operation as well as organization. It would have been at a standstill without our students giving up half of Monday night's prep, and Messrs. Campbell, Owen, Ander, and Large who donated their time to assist in this worthwhile cause.

## SOCIAL SERVICES



DRAMA . . .



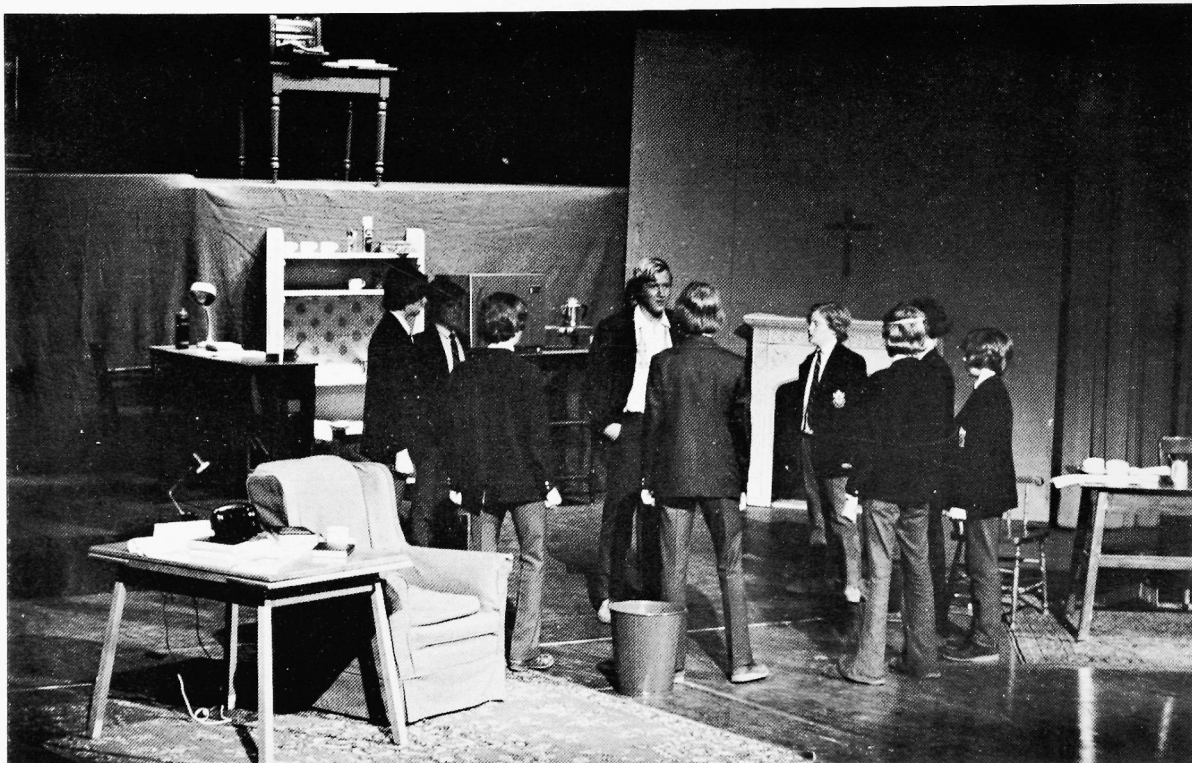


With the introduction of a House Drama Festival this fall, B.C.S. has been provided with not only a wider outlet for dramatic interest and talent but also a new level of inter-house competition. Inexperience made the initial selecting of plays and early rehearsal period somewhat disorganized and slow moving. Raw panic, however, supplied the necessary impetus in the final weeks of preparation.

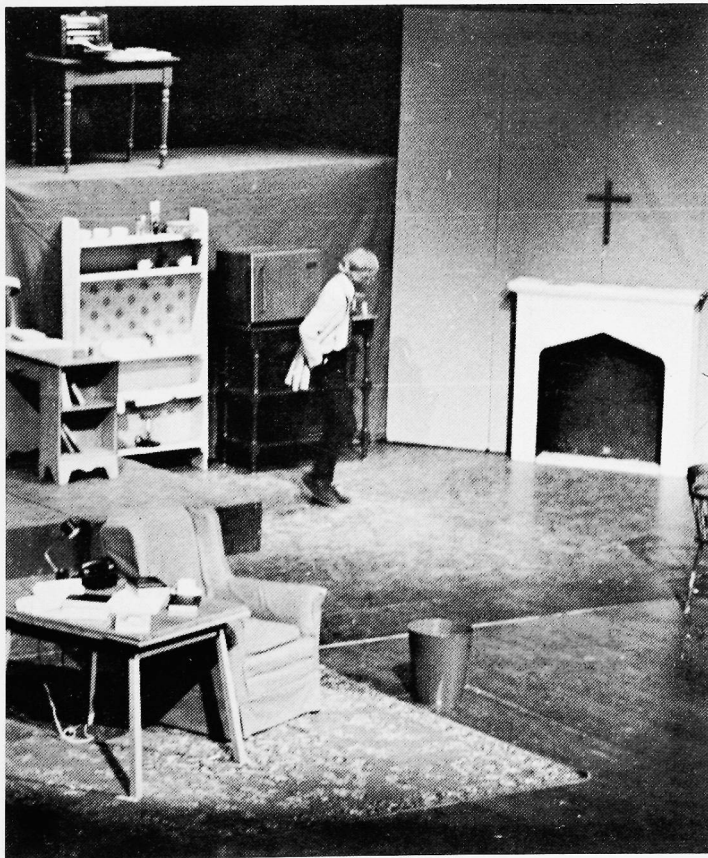
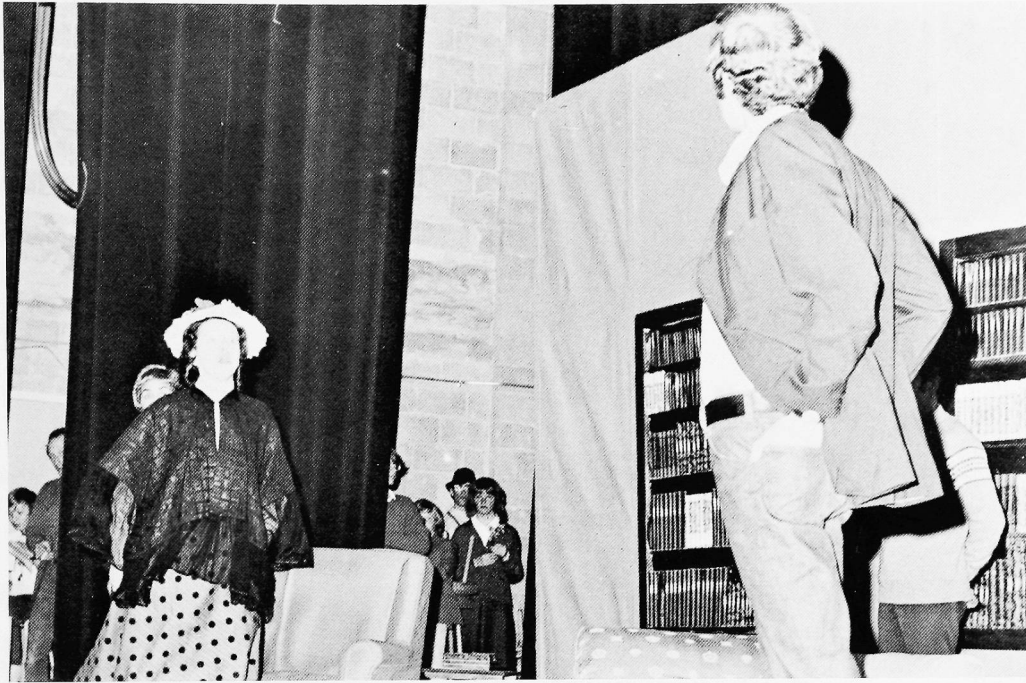
The arrival to the school of George Sperdakos, professional actor and B.C.S. Old Boy, to assist the directors in final rehearsal stages and to adjudicate the finished results, created a wave of enthusiasm which enveloped all those involved in the productions. Under George's energetic, skillful and friendly guidance, each play and each actor took on new life.

The plays themselves ranged widely in content and treatment, from Glass Houses's ambitious adaptation of "HMS Pinafore" to McNaughton House's 'Theater of the Absurd' presentation of "The Door" directed by Tim Kirkwood. Smith House contributed "Mushroom" under the direction of Lanny Smith, while Jean Gauvin directed Williams House's "Submerged". Judged to be the best productions were Chapman House's excerpt from "Mr. Roberts", directed by Brian Sewell and Grier House's "Poison, Passion and Petrification" directed by Alan Evans. These two along with a K.H.C. excerpt from "The Crucible" were presented a week later at B.C.S. in an evening of plays.

... And More DRAMA







Once again "Literate Lloyd" has daringly directed the B.C.S. play. This year, Mr. Lloyd chose "Child's Play" as the school production. The play was an all male drama about boys in a boy's boarding school (of all places) that are led astray by the conflict between two of the masters, Mark Stephen and Brian Sewell. It was an extremely powerful play with "buckets of blood" and "gallons of gore" caused by the boys attacking one another.

The play was on for three nights at the Bishop's University Centennial. Principles (faculty) in the production were Mark Stephen, Brian Sewell, Fergus Wilmer, Tim Kirkwood, Alan Evans, and Miles Frosst with Tim Price, Tony Ross, Mark Bédard, Marc Gauvin, David Bonser, David Stenason, Mike Rossy, Nick Lewis and Charles McQuade in the minor roles (boys).

Drama activity did not end there as there was the musical "My Fair Lady" put on by the Lennoxville Players. Many boys participated in this major production and there were many in Compton's "I Remember Mama" and the excerpt from "Macbeth" for the School Drama Festival. There has been more and higher calibre activity this year than ever before.

## WINTER CARNIVAL

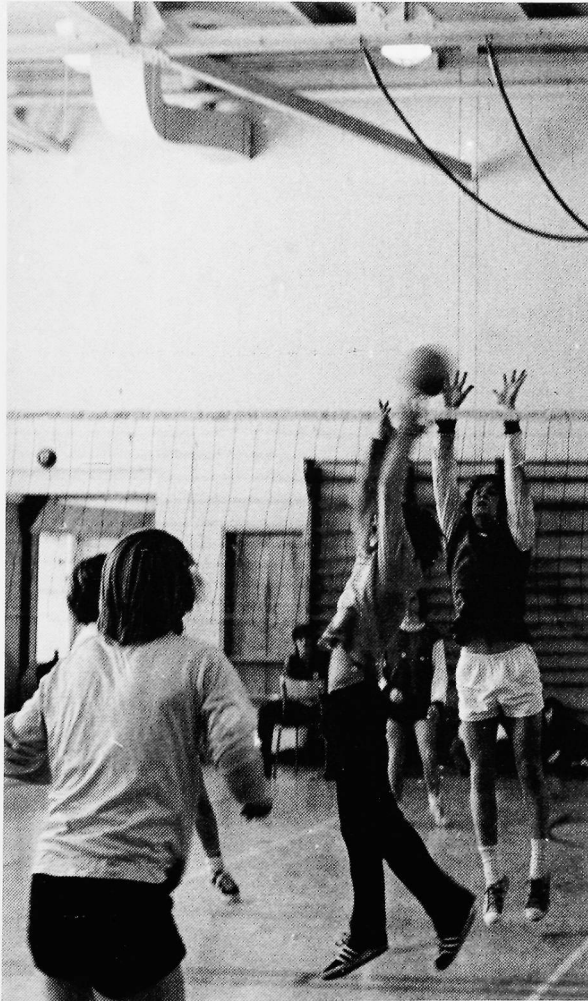


A sales pitch for Carnival buttons sporting a tipsy bunny and the slogan "Carni-fun '72", greeted the School on its return from the holidays. Eye-catching posters and babbling V Formers promised the most exciting Carnival to date.

It began on Thursday night with the First Team winning a thrilling game over the Sherbrooke Castors. A hilarious scrimmage between the handicapped Masters and the K.H.C. team was played afterwards, and a hot chocolate and marshmallows party concluded the evening.

Friday's Snow-day at Hillcrest was cancelled due to icy conditions but, anyway, the girls arrived for a rigorous half-day of sports. A relaxing movie "The Strawberry Statement" helped unwind the schools after supper.

The boys' sports finals were contested Saturday morning, and Grier House won overall. Booths were set up and the gym decorated. The K.H.C. bunch arrived after lunch to try their luck at the booths, and left successful. That evening after supper the girls of K.H.C., St. Helen's and Montreal were received at the Carnival for a pleasurable prelude to the dance — a Casino. Their betting often produced grand prizes. Promptly at 8 p.m. the red doors were opened by our two bunnies and the guests were ushered into the Night Club decorated with crepe and a net-full of balloons. The group, Souls of Inspiration, began quickly, playing good selections of fast and slow music that danced people off their feet to the end of a great carnival.







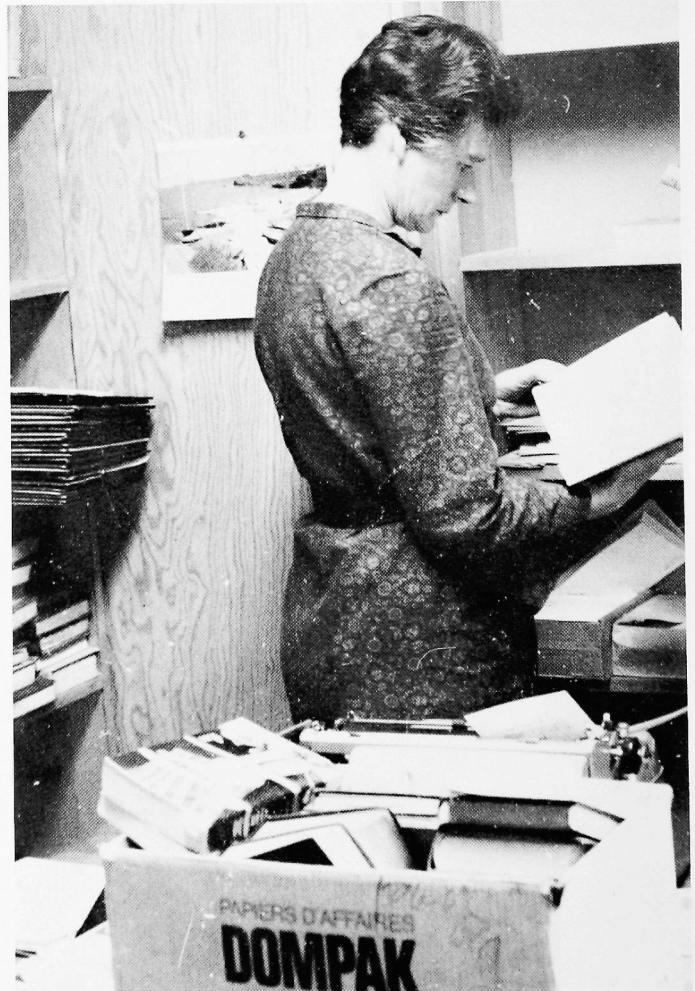
## LIBRARY

Rear Row: G. Thomson, G. Hallward, T. Graham, J. P. Duquet, J. Thatcher, D. Bremner.  
Front Row: C. Atkinson, C. Simpkin, R. McGuire, Mrs. Allison, C. Stewart-Patterson, D. Barden, H. Kerson, G. Stewart.

The boys who walked into the library at the beginning of the year ended up being drafted to move books. The fiction and English sections moved into the new module. This extension gave extra shelf space and provided the boys with more working room. To handle the problem of overdue books a fine system was used. The money poured in at a rate of five cents a day per book. The year's earnings were over one hundred dollars.

The big change comes next year with the new library. The entire bottom floor of School House will be a giant library complex with carpeting, easy chairs and carrells within. Shelf space is what we will really need. It will have to hold the two collections of B.C.S. and K.H.C. The girls' 2,000 books along with the thousand odd books we bought this year will bring the total up to nearly 12,000 volumes.

Sadly, Mrs. Patriquin and Mrs. Evans are no longer on our library staff. Collectively they have given many years to the library and deserve our thanks. Our new librarians are Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. McFarlane. They, and especially, Mrs. Allison and Mrs. Albert have run two libraries — B.C.S. and K.H.C. — at the same time and with top efficiency.



# CHAPEL



Under the competent direction of Rev. Grier and Mr. Cruickshank, both the congregation and choir had an enjoyable year. The choir, which many masters and parents regard as the best in some years, led most services with the psalms and anthems. It goes without mention, that both the Carol Service and Closing Service were excellent with the choir in superb form.

Another important highlight of the year was the joint services with King's Hall; both choirs were excellent and the anthem "Let Is Be" will be remembered for quite some time. There was also a folk mass organized by the Lennoxville Missionary School and the Annual Confirmation service on May 7.

It was in good taste that the final Sunday service included a sermon by Mr. Evans about the "importance of prayers". Of course, all members of the choir thank Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Brady for their help this year, congratulate Mr. Cruickshank for a successful year and bid farewell to Rev. Greer.



# AGORA

Agora, the Debating Society of Bishop's College School, was perhaps the most active organization within the School body. The participation of forty active members and the results of the society's effort show a truly successful year.

The greatest asset to the year's effort was the number of new debaters who debated and spoke in public for the first time ever.

On the competitive side, Agora brought home many trophies this year which were tokens for the preparation that the debaters put in. At the McGill Debating Tournament, Anthony Graham won the best speaker award.

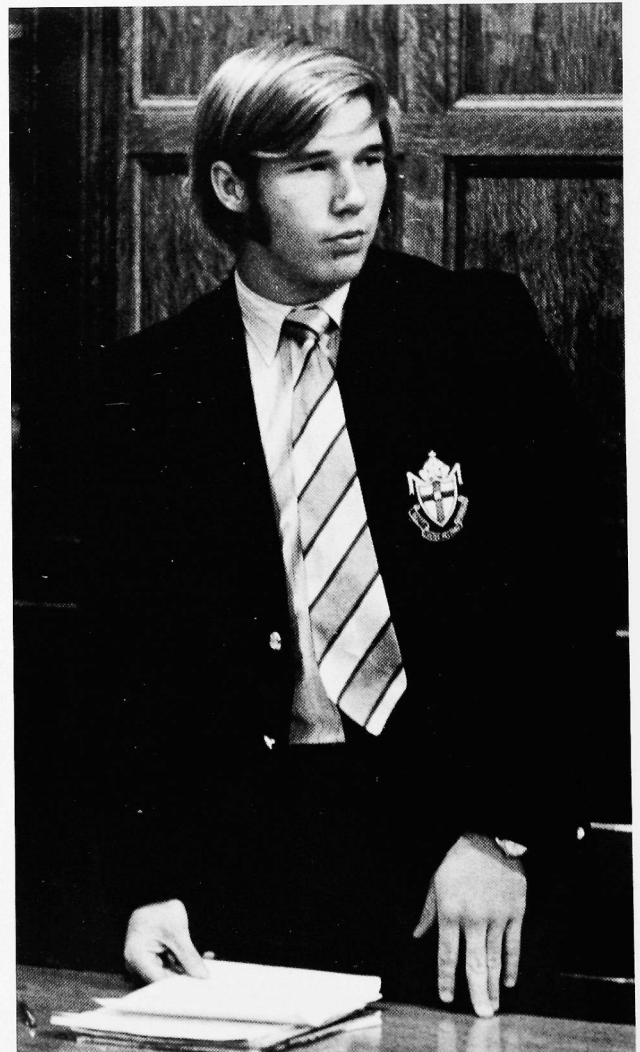
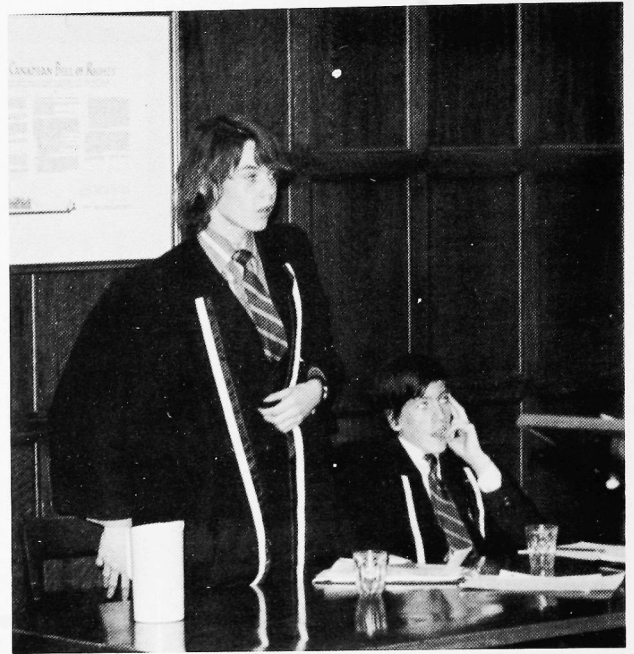
In the Eastern Townships League, B.C.S. hosted A.G.R.H.S., Richmond, and King's Hall and visited those three schools and Stanstead College. The School won the majority of those debates and won the Eastern Townships Trophy at the Alexander Galt Model U.N.

Other outside events included: the John Rennie High School Workshop, the Atlantic Debating Workshop, the Quebec Workshop, Plymouth Model U.N., Independent Schools' Tournament and many Cadet debates.

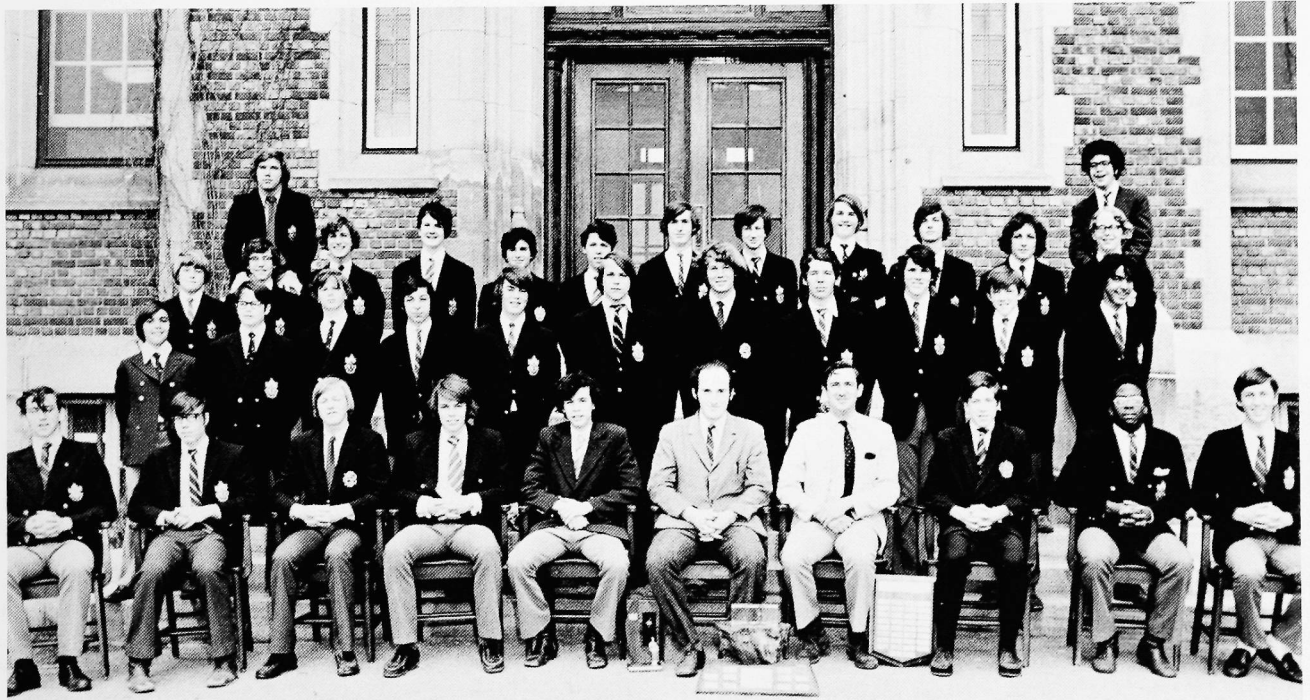
However, the highlight of the year was the hosting of the Provincial Debating Tournament that was held at B.C.S. on March 9, 10 and 11. Some thirty teams from all over the province came to spend three days discussing the question of unemployment. There were seminars and debates held, involving some 60 B.C.S. students and many members of the staff. It was at this event that the spirit of debating was shown in the School. Tony Graham won best speaker of the tournament, and Myles Frosst won a medal for being in the top six. Tony Graham carried on from there to the National Tournament where he won the Weedon Trophy for the best individual debater at the National Tournament.

We look forward to next year when once again debaters will argue, but this time with a new touch — girls!

Thanks to Mr. MacFarlane and Mr. Bateman for all their help this year.







Back Row: J. Atkins, D. Courey.

Third Row: P. LaFramboise, P. Jarjour, T. Bay, M. Shupe, P. Dunn, D. Park, M. Morris, J. Gale, P. Tinari, B. Snyder, S. Lewis, C. Peniston.

Second Row: D. Morales-Bello, B. Frey, H. Notman, D. Vineberg, R. Murray, M. Medland, G. Magor, P. Hamel, C. Sparrow, P. Rich, W. Guy.

Front Row: C. Law, S. Fraser, G. Stewart, B. White, M. Frosst, H. McFarlane, Esq., S. Bateman, Esq., A. Graham, W. Ghans, G. Hallward.

# MOUNTAIN COUNTRY

This year for the first time a hiking group, called Mountain Country, was started. Under the direction of Mr. David Cruickshank, the initiator of the program, the required camping and hiking equipment was purchased.

The hiking took place on the long trail which stretches 260 miles from the Canadian border to the Massachusetts border in the Green Mountains. There have been three hikes during the course of the year, lasting three or four days apiece.

Our first venture into the wilderness took place on the Thanksgiving weekend et il a plu à verses. Two new songs were christened, Pete's wake-up song and the Scotian Sparrow's "Listen to the falling rain, listen to it fall."

In November it conveniently snowed eight inches just prior to departure on the second excursion. The white stuff added to the beauty of the countryside but that was it.

Finally, in late April, we hit the trail once more for beautiful weather and scenery, at least for two days. Armed with snowshoes we traversed the mountains and their six-foot blanket of snow. Highlights of the trip were the disappearance of trail markers and Gord's sunbathing.

After school closing in June, seven of the hikers will complete the long trail. Many thanks to David Cruickshank for being responsible for the group and for his help and ideas.



Back Row: B. Graham, G. McGee, A. Evans, P. Lawee, D. A. G. Cruickshank, Esq., T. Kirkwood.

Front Row: T. Norwood, P. Ostrom, D. Murchison, H. Simkovits.



On a clear day you can see for miles from high atop Mount Mansfield.

On a misty, cloudy day with wind-driven snow you are fortunate indeed if you can see the next slippery foothold.

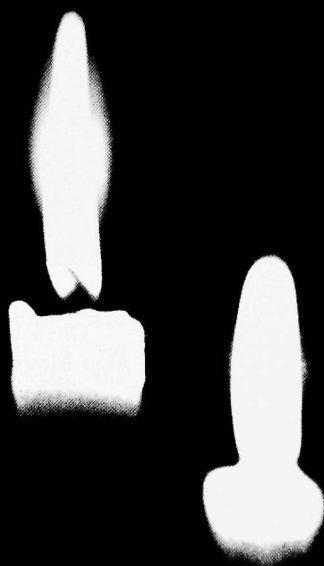
However, Mountain Day was something of a triumph for many boys from B.C.S. and girls from King's Hall, as well as several teachers from both schools. Those who had done some training, naturally, had distinct advantages.

Final impressions: blue patches of sky on the bus trip down, late autumnal tones, rain, reddening faces according to altitude, pace and inclines, a welcome lunch thought by many to be the summit (after all, we were then in swirling cloud), arctic conditions geographically and meteorologically, descent sometimes breakneck, drizzle, aching muscles, sleepy drive home.

No population losses. All in all, a good day!

## MOUNTAIN DAY





**LITERARY**

# Pathos

Stepping uncertainly down the crumbling  
staircase,

Her tired, grey features seem incapable  
of emotion,

And her ragged, grey overcoat limply  
hanging from her shoulders

Affords little protection from the  
piercing winter gale.

Shivering perceptibly, her foot cautiously  
explores the bottom step.

Only too late does she feel herself slip  
on the snow-enshrouded ice,

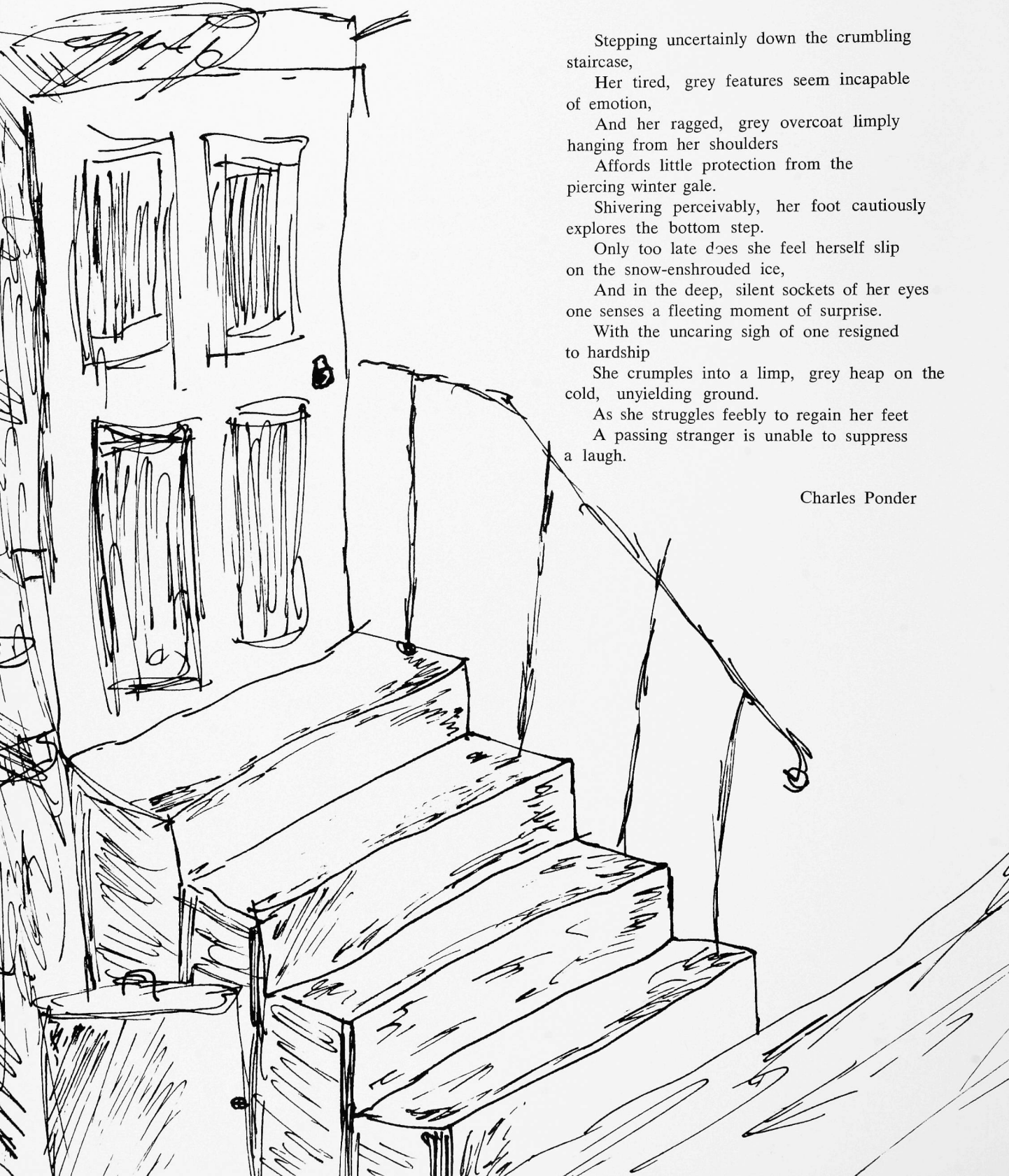
And in the deep, silent sockets of her eyes  
one senses a fleeting moment of surprise.

With the uncaring sigh of one resigned  
to hardship

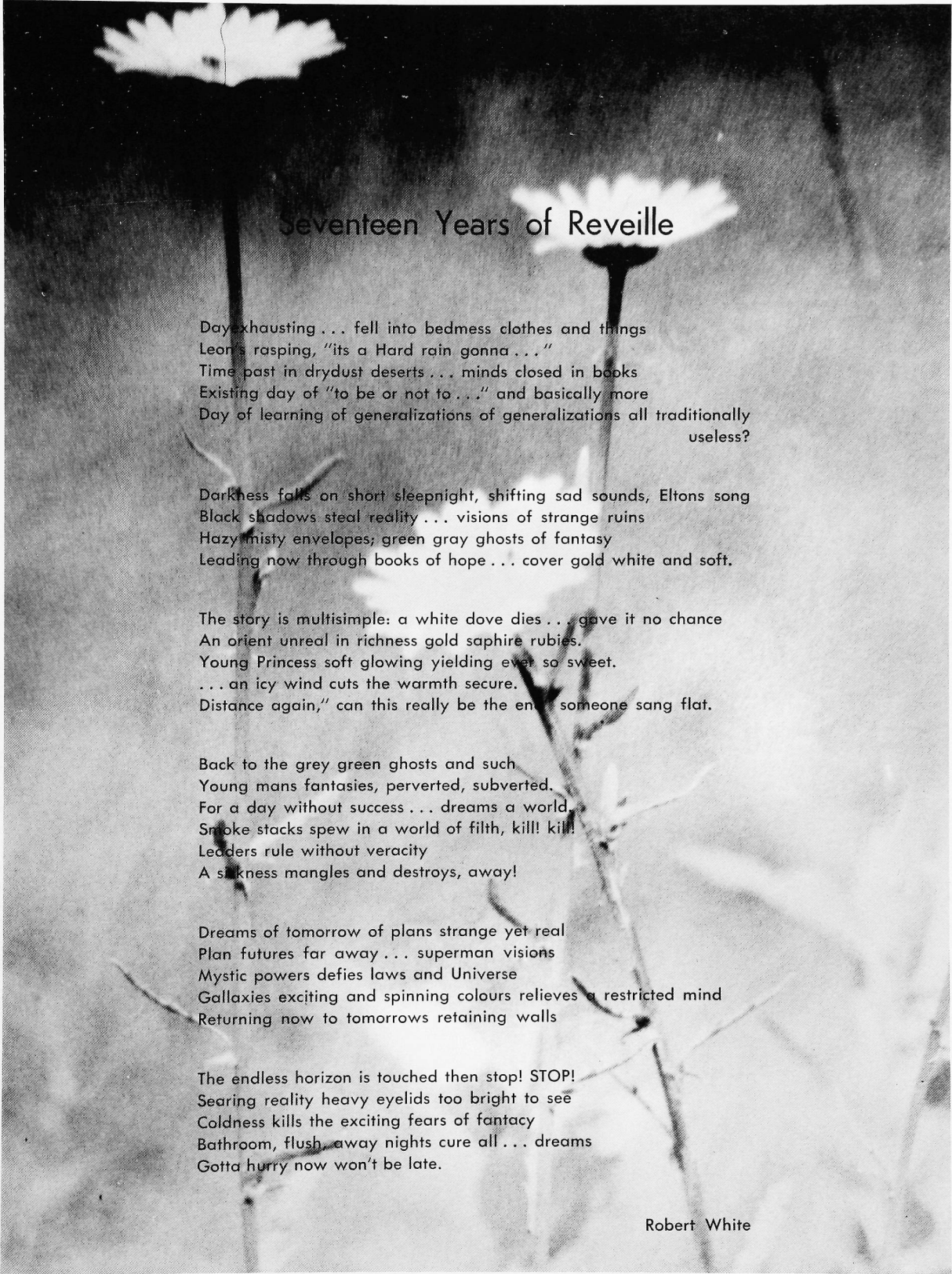
She crumples into a limp, grey heap on the  
cold, unyielding ground.

As she struggles feebly to regain her feet  
A passing stranger is unable to suppress  
a laugh.

Charles Ponder







## Seventeen Years of Reveille

Dayexhausting . . . fell into bedmess clothes and things  
Leon's rasping, "its a Hard rain gonna . . ."  
Time past in drydust deserts . . . minds closed in books  
Existing day of "to be or not to . . ." and basically more  
Day of learning of generalizations of generalizations all traditionally  
useless?

Darkness falls on short sleepnight, shifting sad sounds, Eltons song  
Black shadows steal reality . . . visions of strange ruins  
Hazy misty envelopes; green gray ghosts of fantasy  
Leading now through books of hope . . . cover gold white and soft.

The story is multisimple: a white dove dies . . . gave it no chance  
An orient unreal in richness gold saphire rubies.  
Young Princess soft glowing yielding ever so sweet.  
. . . an icy wind cuts the warmth secure.  
Distance again," can this really be the end someone sang flat.

Back to the grey green ghosts and such  
Young mans fantasies, perverted, subverted.  
For a day without success . . . dreams a world.  
Smoke stacks spew in a world of filth, kill! kill!  
Leaders rule without veracity  
A sickness mangles and destroys, away!

Dreams of tomorrow of plans strange yet real  
Plan futures far away . . . superman visions  
Mystic powers defies laws and Universe  
Gallaxies exciting and spinning colours relieves a restricted mind  
Returning now to tomorrows retaining walls

The endless horizon is touched then stop! STOP!  
Searing reality heavy eyelids too bright to see  
Coldness kills the exciting fears of fantasy  
Bathroom, flush, away nights cure all . . . dreams  
Gotta hurry now won't be late.

Robert White



Faith,  
A belief in one's self.  
Powerful.  
The Desire to  
Believe  
in one matter,  
A matter from Chaos,  
Faith,  
An Iron Clamp crushing the Egg  
of Life and smothering it  
in love for virtue.  
Faith?

C. LAW

# Conflict Between the Forty-Third and the Thirty-Seventh

"Father?"

Yes, Son?"

"What are you doing?"

"I'm making some plans."

"What for, Father?"

"For a new world."

"A new world?"

"Yes, Son."

"Why?"

"You're too young, Son. I'm afraid  
you wouldn't understand."

"Yes, Father."

---

"Father?"

"Yes, Son?"

"Remember when you told me  
about planning a new world?"

"Yes."

"Do you think I'm old enough  
to understand now?"

"Yes, Son, I guess so."

"Well, Father, why are you doing it?"

"Well, Son . . . Oh, how could I explain  
it to you?"

"If ever something were to happen to us . . .  
so that we were confined to oblivion . . .  
who would replace us?"

"Even if we were confined to oblivion,  
what difference would it make? Nothing would  
be affected. Besides, what could possibly  
happen that could cause such a thing?"

"Oh, Son . . . I have a lot of explaining to do.  
First of all, let me tell you about our ancestors."

"Our what, Father?"

"The entities that brought us into existence . . ."

"There were other entities, Father?"

"Son, there is a lot you don't know so,  
please let me start at the beginning and then all  
your questions will be answered in due time."

"Anyway, we belong to a 'race' of entities.  
That is, a group of entities with a common origin.  
It took, literally, billions of megorbs for entities of  
our level of intellect to be produced. Our race  
wasn't always the same as we are now. For instance,  
our ancestors of long ago used to live in shells . . ."

"Shells, Father?"

"Yes, shells of matter. They were very

cumbersome things. They had to be filled with  
certain kinds of matter, kept at the right temperature  
and, even then, things went wrong with them."

"They must of been quite a problem, eh?"

"Well, the entities didn't know any other  
way to live so I don't imagine they minded them too  
much. Now, let's get back to the subject.  
The worst thing about these shells was that they  
wore out very fast and, whenever they did, the  
entities' memories were, in a sense, erased and  
they started again in another shell; back at  
'cube one' so to speak. Anyway, it wasn't until fairly  
recently, one million orbs ago, that our ancestors  
were able to improve on their shells; they were able  
to make them last as long as they liked. Finally,  
they discovered that they did not need shells anymore.  
Thus, our race came to be simple entities like  
we are now . . ."

"But . . ."

"Yet me finish. If we were both confined to  
oblivion, vast myriads of megorbs would come to  
naught. Son, it's our duty to pass on our great  
wisdom so that it won't be lost."

"I see that, now, Father, but what danger  
is there of us being confined to oblivion?"

"I'm coming to that, Son. Something happened  
when you had just been brought into this world;  
you were too young to remember."

"I had a partner named Natas. We were working  
together one time when he found an unusual pocket  
in the thirty-seventh dimension. In it, he discovered,  
one had the power to control other entities' thoughts."

"Soon after this discovery, a strange change  
came over Natas; he became . . . I don't quite know  
how to describe it . . . He became . . . 'bent' . . ."

"Bent, Father?"

"Well, he did incorrect things on purpose."

"But I don't understand."

"I know what you mean. It's harl to grasp such  
a paradoxical concept, isn't it? But anyway,  
Natas had a plan; he would slowly take control  
over other entities and bend them bit-by-bit,  
until, finally, he had complete control over them.  
Then, he would banish them to his special pocket  
which he called 'Heft'. There he would torture them  
by directly interfering with their thoughts and  
inserting sensations of terrible agony. If the entity  
was in a shell, Natas told me, he could not be  
banished to Heft until its shell wore out, but could



still give them the agonizing sensations of Heft within their shells. Anyway, these sensations would last through eternity.

"I know all this because he wanted me to join him in his bent plan. Of course, I turned him down.

"Knowing that, now, he would try to take control of me, I quickly warned your mother...

"My what?"

"Oh, Son, you wouldn't know; you had just entered into life. It took two of our entities to make a third; your mother was the second entity that helped to create you."

"Were you the first, Father?"

"Yes, but, please, could we discuss that later?"

"Yes, Father."

"Okay, now, anyway, I told your mother what had happened but she didn't understand me so she asked Natas about what I had said. Then . . . Natas took control of her and trapped her in his Heft to show his bent power. Son, there was nothing I could do for her so I took you and leapt through space in as many different dimensions as possible so as not to be found. Meanwhile, Natas brought all the other entities under his control and confined them to Heft. I kept leaping until, finally, I hypercurved in the forty-third dimension and found a pocket which was safe from Natas' bentness for a long time, anyway. Unfortunately, entities with shells cannot exist here, so they will be vulnerable to Natas' bentness. Son, Natas is getting more powerful all the time; it is our duty to all forms of life to stop him!"

"But, Father, how? I don't understand this bentness."

"I know. It's hard to understand this bentness, but, there is a way."

"What is it, Father?"

"You see, Son, Heft is a hyperparamount — it's built against itself. It's built on bentness, so it's vulnerable to righteousness. All you need is love. Love Natas with all your power and he will cringe; present him with universal righteousness and he will fall!"

"But, Father, love bentness?"

"No, my son, love **him** — not what he represents; take pity on his bentness."

"I think I'm beginning to understand more clearly. Father, you are going to build up a union of righteous entities against Natas. But how will we save the entities you are creating from Natas' bentness?"

"That will be a great task, my son. First, the entities must be warned of the danger they are in. Then, when their shells wear out, they must be treated appropriately. Those entities that are strong in mind and unbent must see me and be prepared to face Natas, those with little faith will be brought to the protection of this space pocket. Those who mourn, I will comfort. Those who are meek will receive what I promise them. Those whose greatest desire is to do what I ask of them, I will satisfy fully. Those who are merciful, I will treat mercifully. To those who work towards peace, I will reveal my paternal relationship to them. Those who do so I ask and suffer as a consequence, will be brought to the protection of this space pocket also."

"But, Father, who will perform this great task?"

"You, my son . . ."

M. SHUPE

## The Chosen Date

The deafening buzz of the alarm clock sent me hurtling out of bed to exterminate it at five AM just like any other morning. However, due to my quick recall of my past I realized that this was the day — the chosen day. My time had come. I had smashed the irritating alarm clock as usual but I knew that this would be one of the last moves I would make.

With shaking hands I put on my garments, taking particular caution to put my unmentionables on before my pants, my shirt on before my tie, and my socks on before my shoes. These were usually quite common operations for me, some of them I had been performing for a number of years. Today, though, all was different. I was overcome by supernatural phenomena beyond the comprehension of a mortal being. Today, a day predominating a mere description on a fragment of paper.

I was prepared. I sat down on my bed with my head clutched between trembling hands. I sat in a whirlpool of my past trials and tribulations. My life, short as it was, had had its ups and downs. It had been a good life, but a bad life. A successful life, but an unsuccessful life. A life of love and hatred. A life of ambition. A life of beauty but also of hideousness. But what was I? I was a mere mass of organic chemicals surrounded by both organic and inorganic substances, suspended in a vacuum. I was but a tiny speck, inhabiting another tiny speck, which was part of still another speck in another speck which was part of the universe. Was the universe truly universal? Today I would find out.

The time had come. I stood up, and approached the door. I cast a glance out the window. Tears tried to form, but could not. It was too late now. I gulped and turned the knob.

B. SNYDER

# The Slaughterhouse

A slaughterhouse is a house or building in which animals are slaughtered. Many people today tend to use the French counter-part of the word slaughterhouse which is abattoir. This could be used as it sounds better than slaughterhouse, which no doubt many people find disturbing in a barbaric and coarse kind of a way. Also, the word abattoir sounds civilized and more technical. Besides, enough people probably don't know what the word means. Either way you look at the situation, both words describe a building where animals are slaughtered for man's use. Even the word abattoir does not cover up or make any easier what really goes on in one of these such buildings.

Most slaughterhouses have pens connected to the main building where on the kill-floor "the business" is done. The animals are kept in these usually overcrowded and dirty collecting pens prior to their appointment. More often than not they are mistreated once they reach the slaughterhouse, being prodded by a variety of foreign objects such as a pitchfork and are battered about with the use of clubs and canes. Also some people have great enjoyment moving animals with electric stock-prods which only excite and torment the animals more. Whatever the case, most don't give a damn as hell, it's the end of the line anyway.

By what means, the animal, a steer for example, is persuaded from the collecting pens through a door into the kill-floor directly into a box. Once entering the kill-floor area, the heavy, rancid, and rather stifling smell hits a person, some the wrong way.

Being forced into this box, being taken away from the rest of its kind, and probably the most terrifying, the smell of blood, makes the animal harder to handle. As in the case of the steer, the animal will almost always try to look out through the slats in the lower sides of the box. The grinning man on the platform over the box with his yellow and very red plastic over-alls checks the situation and one gets the feeling what he really wants is an audience. Ha! The startled steer jerks its head up but it does not really see that retractable bolt gun neatly and most efficiently puncture the centre of its forehead. Down like lead-weights it collapses.

The legs and the rest of the body convulse in a pathetic manner while the lever is pulled tipping the box sideways dumping the moving carcass which hits the floor with a sickening crunch of flesh on cement.

A stained and greasy meat hook is shoved through the hock of one back leg and the carcass is hauled up off the floor. The grinning man leaves his pedestal to do his next deed of sticking. The throat is slit, cutting lengthwise with the neck so that less of the hide is wasted. The blood gushes out like water from a hydrant covering the man's knife, hand and arm. But then most butchers can't really get to work until they get some blood on them.

The blood adds to the thick mass of already coagulated blood which seems to seep slowly towards the drain.

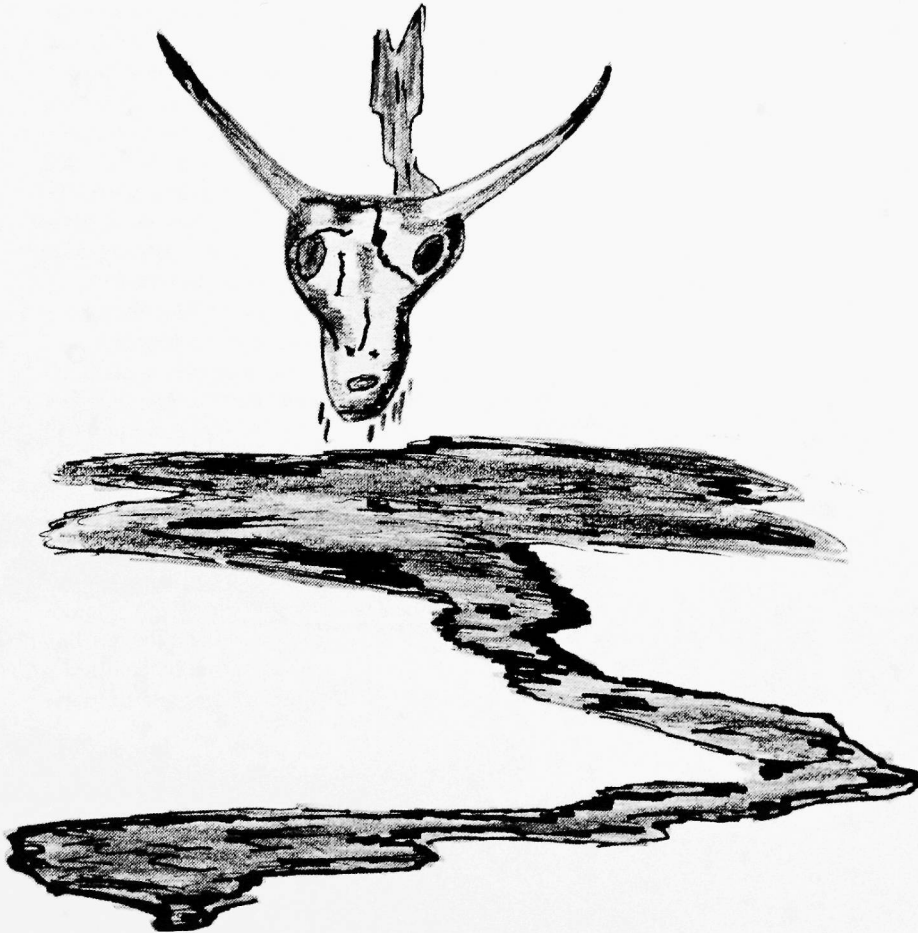
The carcasses are left to drain off blood while they are skinned from the head to the tail including the legs. The head and legs and tail are then cut off.



The tongue is saved from the head along with parts of the brain. The head then has to be inspected by government officials for any disease harmful to humans. The abdominal muscles are then cut allowing the butchers to get out the guts which are hauled out and strewn upon a sorting table where the usable guts are separated and kept while the unusables such as intestines are loaded into barrels and sold as fox-meat.

The meat, as it now is, is allowed to hang to make sure any remaining blood drips out. The carcass becomes stiffer and at this time usually is cut into quarters which are easier to handle. By electric meat-saw, the carcass is sawed up the backbone and then the front and hind halves are cut apart along the ninth rib from the front. The quarters are then moved to cooler rooms where the meat is kept cold but not frozen, where it waits for further processing.

Mike Wright



I enjoy my life,  
I don't think you enjoy yours.  
I'm a farmer — barely making the grade.  
I've worked for everything I've got.  
"The old man" handed yours on a silver  
platter.  
My wife is beautiful, thoughtful, and, my God —  
I love her!  
Your wife is beautiful too — Which number is  
this one?  
We can talk to each other, understand each  
other.  
Have you decided which mistress is your  
favourite?  
My wife has little out of the ordinary to  
wear — she understands.  
Your wife, what does she cost you a week?  
We have six lovely children — one on the way.  
How much are abortions these days?  
Sure, I'm a man with simple tastes  
You — you're more extravagant — that's your  
choice.  
I'm happy with what I do have,  
I think you will always want a little more.  
I'm not trying to impress you or anyone.  
How about you?  
Money is what separates us, buddy,  
But then again — no hard feelings.

Mike Wright.



## REBIRTH

The best of mine  
shall we lie, die as one beneath iron cold grass  
our naked bodies pierced by thorns of steel  
and feel their acidic earth whip, strip us of our last stem and leaf  
our eyes burnt  
our nostrils filled with the stench of rancid and soiled lives  
that drop,  
    lead petals of a dead rose,  
our lungs straining for each drop of fermenting wine,  
a rain that will never again form clouds?  
Shall we sleep and wait, pacified by fright  
while the dynamo lives  
gives us nothing  
save perpetual night fed by strong arms, drugged minds led by those  
    who tread upon plush green carpets in a sterile forest of oak  
    walls and mahogany halls that should echo our cry but are conveniently  
    silenced by a sufficient number of styrafoam ears?  
Or shall we shout louder  
and run with a cocktail in our hands to quench the thirst of the land  
first with fire  
and then  
only then  
with the sweat of our love  
for to destroy is to build  
to tear down, to create  
to enter the womb a second time, a path through which to be born again  
and far within this orgy of Coke cans and plastic orange grinds  
a sea lies hidden  
ready to support the ships of the children a second time.

Myles Frosst





## TIN VACUOUS REALIMOTION

Taxi driver, take me where I want to go. A wallet has spoken paper-full of misty hints of happy dreams. Its tone is imperative in your mind; yours is not to wonder why the where. The where is mine as the money will be yours and our time together will be time apart for both. I go from where you unhinged the falsely gleaming metal plate in response to my unsure hail to where the meter will lose the rhythm and you regurgitate my shell to the cement once more. My seat, however plush, is cold and hard like the reflection I caught off your rapidly advancing form. The smoke from your cigarette drifts aimlessly as my life, at rest in the midst of motion. Its stagnancy constricts my lungs but I breathe deeply and revel in the wholesome revulsion.

Speak, perhaps, but do not think — a remark on the weather will do. Sun is good, rain is bad, and smog blots out the both. Whether city or country it matters not — the curve of the rural road is straight street to the wheels and the eyes, a cow is a skyscraper is a cow and goes unregistered. The theatre of the absurd sprawls all about outside. The tune of the orchestra is lost in the pit and the rafters and meets the ear with the droning of a motor. The windows are cinemascopic movie screens full of fleeting scenes and hurrying motionless, faceless characters. They are faster than a frame can catch yet snail-slow when life begins to reel. Inside is the life, the reality — mine and yours. Its not a bus, its one-to-one and we are strangers whom years of taxi rides together would make no friends.

Do you think? Are you able to? Don't you wonder why my where? Do you think I may have discovered sealed tranquility from bustle and nowhere-ness or retreat from self-betraying and thought-provoking silence in the babbling of the radio? I am lonely too, you know — like everyone else who has hid in the back under the shadow of your cap and breathed your filthy smoke and swallowed your shallow coughs. Beside you is the seat for a friend — the one that will never be filled. It is warm always; my seat in the back is cold rain, shine, or smog — but I don't really mind. Should I?

Tick-tick and my ride in your time-transcending machine is almost at an end. My where is almost here and the end of the incessant ticking will dump me soon in my nowhere-land from whence I came and in which I am doomed to sleepwalk until by the grace of God the earth enfolds me to her dusty essence. But you will travel on, getting nowhere on this flat earth, taking my reality away on a lark. And you will meet me often — whenever the back door is opened and I will see you again whenever I wave for that back seat. You will hide your eyes and your rotting mind behind your shades and I will hide myself behind your back and my troubles behind both of ours in a vacuum-destined wind. I'd like to come often and go further nowhere, but the meter is eating my wallet and my reality is getting harder to come by these days. Yet it's not too late and money can buy the chance to love and be loved — only love can save us in that nowhere-land. Perhaps I should sit in the front beside you next time around.

G. Magor

## OUT OF NIGHT

As the night grew pale with the glow of dawn, the sun quietly awoke the blue sky of morning. Heat circulation was sluggish in the still air, but already it was hot in the direct rays of the sun. The evening coolness clung to the dusty prairie creating a damp earthy feeling which was cruelly deceptive as the parched land could barely support the few blades of grass which struggled, almost in vain, to endure the pain of tired existence. Imperceptibly, the long shadows shortened until by mid-morning the dusty plain was bathed in its entirety by searing heat.

Emanating from a point on the western horizon was a narrow dirt road which ended abruptly beneath the gaunt limbs of an ancient tree. The massive form, its foliage sparse and lifeless, stood pathetically alone on its silent vigil; remaining as a last vestige of life in a dying land, the stark branches reached despairingly skyward seemingly in search of sympathy from some obscure celestial being. The road, having been used infrequently at most, had never been graded or otherwise improved; it consisted merely of two tracks worn through the sparse covering of dead weeds leaving a long, narrow island running down the centre. Long, slow-curving furrows, running perpendicular to the road, corrugated the impotent top-soil for as great a distances could be seen in all directions. Along the ridges formed by displaced soil were the sun-bathed brown remains of humanly nurtured vegetable colonies which had been spurned by the harsh environment, and were now abandoned.

A cloud of dust, almost invisible against the brown background, appeared where the road met the horizon. As it approached, the grill and belching stack of a large truck became distinguishable, the mid-morning sun gleaming off the windshield. The truck's diesel roar and unaccustomed movement destroyed the chaste tranquility causing a sudden awakening as from a dream that resulted in a sobering return to reality. Rumbling to a halt the bright red cab and half-trailer discharged the pungent

odour of diesel fuel which hung listlessly in the dust-heavy air. Printed on the door in large letters was "Consolidated Farms, Inc."

As the door swung open two legs emerged, dusty-grey boots hanging limply beneath the wide cuffs of weathered blue denim overalls. There was a moment's hesitation and the boots dropped to the ground followed by the tall, lithe but sinewy strong body of the one who scraped his livelihood from the soil. A cloud of dust rose sullenly about his knee leaving narrow, dust-free borders around his boots. His ruddy, wind-eroded face, shrouded by a tousled mass of black hair, was accentuated by two darting black eyes and a small pointed nose. His thin lips were dried and cracked by a constant exposure to sun and wind, and in one hand was a battered straw hat.

Instinctively licking his lips, one hand swept back his hair while the other placed his hat in its customary position. Wiping his hands roughly on his thighs, the faded denim was darkened by perspiration, and bits of dust stuck to these areas. Glancing up at the blazing sun his eyes squinted involuntarily, turning away in the same motion. As he surveyed the vast spread of land his eyes were sad, realizing that what had once been a part of him, was now dead and gone. The long furrows that he had laboured long and hard to create had ceased to bear fruit, and with their death part of him died also.

No longer a free farmer but a hired man, he leaned again into the cab and removed a short length of binder twine to which were tied two keys. He stuffed these into a pocket and slammed the door. Catching sight of a small furry animal peering over a furrow he grinned sardonically, no longer caring how many furrows it dug. As he moved suddenly to the side of the trailer, the animal fearfully scurried away. He vaulted up and pushed a ramp off the back leaving one end attached to the trailer. He hopped down and walked around the truck and trailer to the far side of the tree where, partially



shadowed, was an old tractor covered by a tattered tarpaulin. Removing the tarp with a quick, practiced jerk, he folded it and dropped it into the seat. He swung himself into the seat, arched his back so as to gain access to his pocket, and pulled out his keys. He inserted one into the ignition and turned. After a few disheartening coughs, the engine turned over and caught. He shoved it into gear and pushed the accelerator lever up a couple of notches. Retracing the route he had walked a few moments earlier, he lined up the tractor with the ramp and drove onto the trailer.

As the engine shuddered to a stop, silence rushed like air entering a vacuum; the man, perched high on his tractor, was stunned by this awesome occurrence. He looked up at the immensely towering tree, and slowly his eyes moved down the trunk until they met the horizon. Quickly wiping the sweat from his forehead he smeared it on his thigh streaking his leg with brown dust. Uneasily, he again wiped his hand across his face leaving a damp brown smear over his right eye; as an afterthought, he touched the brim of his hat making some minor adjustment. Feigning indifference, he climbed down from the tractor, and taking several lengths of chain from the floor of the trailer, he secured the tractor. Finally, he jumped down and pushed the ramp back onto the trailer.

Opening the cab door, he was struck full in the face by heavy sticky heat that made breathing an effort; reaching in quickly, he grabbed a paper bag and a bottle and jumped out. Not relishing the prospect of a second such experience, he left the door open and shuffled lazily to the shady side of the tree, where he sat down to eat. He munched contentedly on his sandwich, occasionally taking a lengthy swallow from his bottle. The heat, the food, and the drink together formed a potent combination that eventually overcame the unsuspecting farm hand and put him to sleep.

The sun had long passed mid-day and the shadows were, once again, lengthening. A light breeze kicked up the occasional cloud of dust and rustled a few leaves, but otherwise, all was silent. By late afternoon the sun had dropped below the bottom-most tree branches, and the man's face was in the direct sunlight. When it became unbearably hot, he awoke with a start, forgetting where he was, not fully aware if he was dreaming or awake. A layer of dust had become caked in perspiration on his face; he felt sticky and his skin was taut on his wiry frame. Getting up slowly, making as few movements as possible, he cautiously removed his hat and brushed himself off.

Stopping for a moment to fully expand his lungs in an effort to wake up, he was overwhelmed by the deafening silence of the prairie; as he pondered this wordless appeal, pangs of guilt began to turn his stomach, to gnaw relentlessly at his guts. Turning slowly, his eyes followed the line where prairie joined sky, where his world ended and another began. From his previous uneasiness grew the ever increasing fear that he was alone — that haunting possibility that only he existed. Quickly turning about, as if half expecting to find someone behind him, he moved to the door of the cab and jumped in, reaching to turn the key. But it was not in the ignition; and his pockets were empty. He ran to the tree and picked wildly through the bits of dirt and grass; suddenly he remembered. Pulling himself together he walked deliberately to the trailer and vaulted up. Groping for the ignition, his fingers trembled, and with some difficulty he managed to withdraw the keys. Finding his way into the cab, he fumbled — his fingers fearful — but at last the key found its way into the ignition. He turned and immediately the engine caught. With gears grinding hastily, he circled, returned to the road, and headed for that unseen point on the horizon. He stomped savagely on the accelerator, the tractor straining dangerously on its chains as the trailer careened from side to side.

Before long, the winding black ribbon of highway loomed ahead. He had known it would be there, but a stifled sigh of relief escaped him nonetheless. He turned right, framing the reddening sky of the setting sun in his right window. With the highway omnipotent beneath him and the surging vehicle at his command, he sensed but failed to identify the absurd inconsistency of machine and nature. Uncertain, but somewhat restored, his sullen countenance was brightened by the sky's evening redness and faint traces of a smile. Inexplicably he was seized by a sense of power that he was hard put to justify. As a car came over a hill, the drone of its engine steadily increased in intensity, until as the two vehicles passed each other the sound dropped off altogether. Recalling the fear to which he had so easily succumbed, he spat contemptuously out the window and settled comfortably into his seat.

In the distance a small town sprawled ambitiously, almost pretentiously, across a portion of the great prairie. As he approached, he was gradually able to discern individual structures from the shapeless mass, and quite suddenly he was among them. Pulling into a large truckyard on the far side of town, he rolled to a halt. As he stepped out he allowed himself, for a few brief intoxicating moments, to become totally immersed in the deep cool evening. Slamming the door a bit harder than was perhaps necessary he sauntered blithely toward the office to return the keys and perhaps talk awhile with the boss. He was happy.

"Where in hell've you been?"

"Jes' gettin' the tractor from that ol' worked out farm we ain't usin' anymore."

"Yeah, but you been gone all day. Sure as hell wouldn't take near as long as that."

"Well, to tell the truth, I fell 'sleep under that big ol' tree."

"Fell 'sleep 'e says. Christ-almighty, I'm tryin' ta make some money an' he goddam falls asleep. Haven't you got no sense? Can't you see that wastin' time wastes money? An' my money, too.

If you're gonna drag ass alla time you can jest get the hell out."

"Take it easy. I'll be awright . . . jes' a little tired today. I'll be awright tomorrow."

"Sure as hell better be. Now git outa here."

"Yeah, boss . . . jes' a little tired today, thass all; nothin' to worry about."

He left the office somewhat amused, but, at the same time, he was puzzled. His brow heavy with thought, he stopped. As he watched the first stars appearing, suddenly he knew. Turning around, he poked his head through the screen door.

"Shut the goddam door. You're lettin' the flies in."

"I'm quittin'."

"You goddam sonuvabitch, what the hell is that s'posed to mean?"

"Jes' what I said."

"You got no money comin' to ya, then; I tol' ya when I hired ya . . ."

"I'm leavin' tomorrow."

"Well, then git goin'; flies is gettin' in."

He let the door slam loudly, and behind him he heard muffled cursing. Grinning, he walked to the bunk house, entered and sat down in his room. None of the other men were there; they had all gone to perform various deeds, and inevitably, misdeeds, for the benefit of the local townfolk. Getting up, he folded his blanket once, twice lengthwise, and placing his other change of clothes, a couple of books and a few stray personal belongings at one end, he proceeded to roll it up. Slipping on an elbow-worn blue denim jacket, he left, belongings under arm. At the side of the road he looked first south through the clutter of buildings, and then north; with resolve he chose the latter, irresistibly beckoned by a life unlived. Secure in his being, he set out into the blackness.

Headlights pierced the darkness behind him and he stepped halfway onto the highway, his thumb

out. The roar of the approaching transport increased until, as it passed, the sound was again no more. He stood expectantly still, and presently his face was furiously whipped by a whirling cloud of dust and sand churned up by the passing truck. Swearing under his breath he continued on his way. Fascinated by the sounds of night, he listened closely trying to distinguish individual sounds and their respective owners. Suddenly he was interrupted by a new sound, that of an approaching truck. As its headlights appeared over a small rise, he stuck out his thumb and smiled, genuinely happy at the prospect of being extended a kindness from a fellow being. The truck roared by, and as the solitary traveller turned to walk he heard, unmistakably,

a powerful engine down-shifting. About half a mile down the road the red tail lights stopped, suddenly growing as the truck backed up, almost apologetically.

"Sorry, fella; didn't even see you 'till the last second."

"Oh, thass awright. Hell, I was jes' gettin' to thinkin' that a ride would come in mighty handy aroun' now."

"Where you headed?"

"North."

There was a roar as the truck hurtled down the highway once more, but in a few moments quiet solemnity had again enshrouded the darkness.

Charles Ponder







**ADVERTISING**

**Compliments**

**of**

**Phonorama Mfg. Ltd.**

**Montreal, Quebec**

From a

***FRIEND***

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF

***MacMillan Bloedel Ltd.***





# **Trust Corporation of Bahamas Limited**

*Financial Managers & Advisors*

P.O. Box N-7788,  
Nassau, N. P.,  
Bahama Islands

For The Best In

- Quality
- Service
- Value

In Sporting Goods

People In The Know Look To

**Jack Watson**  
SPORTING GOODS

Suppliers of your School Store

30 MOBILE DR., TORONTO 16, ONT.  
PHONE: 757-2844 — AREA CODE: 416

**CUMMING PERRAULT Ltd.**

6435 St. James West

*your* LINCOLN  
MERCURY Dealer

METEOR  
COUGAR  
FALCON  
MARQUIS  
MARAUDER  
*and the all new*  
MAVERICK

Tel.: 514 — 489-3831

*Compliments of*

**VERDUN**  
**LEATHER GOODS**

Compliments of:

**BRYANT'S LTD.**





# BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

Lennoxville, Quebec

Founded 1843

A Residential University for Men and Women

offering courses in

Arts — Science — Business Administration — Divinity — Education



McCreer Hall, one of five Men's residences on the Campus

For Calendars giving information regarding courses, entrance requirements, fees, etc., write to:

The Registrar,  
Bishop's University,  
Lennoxville, Quebec.



# What we mean by "Together we're both stronger."

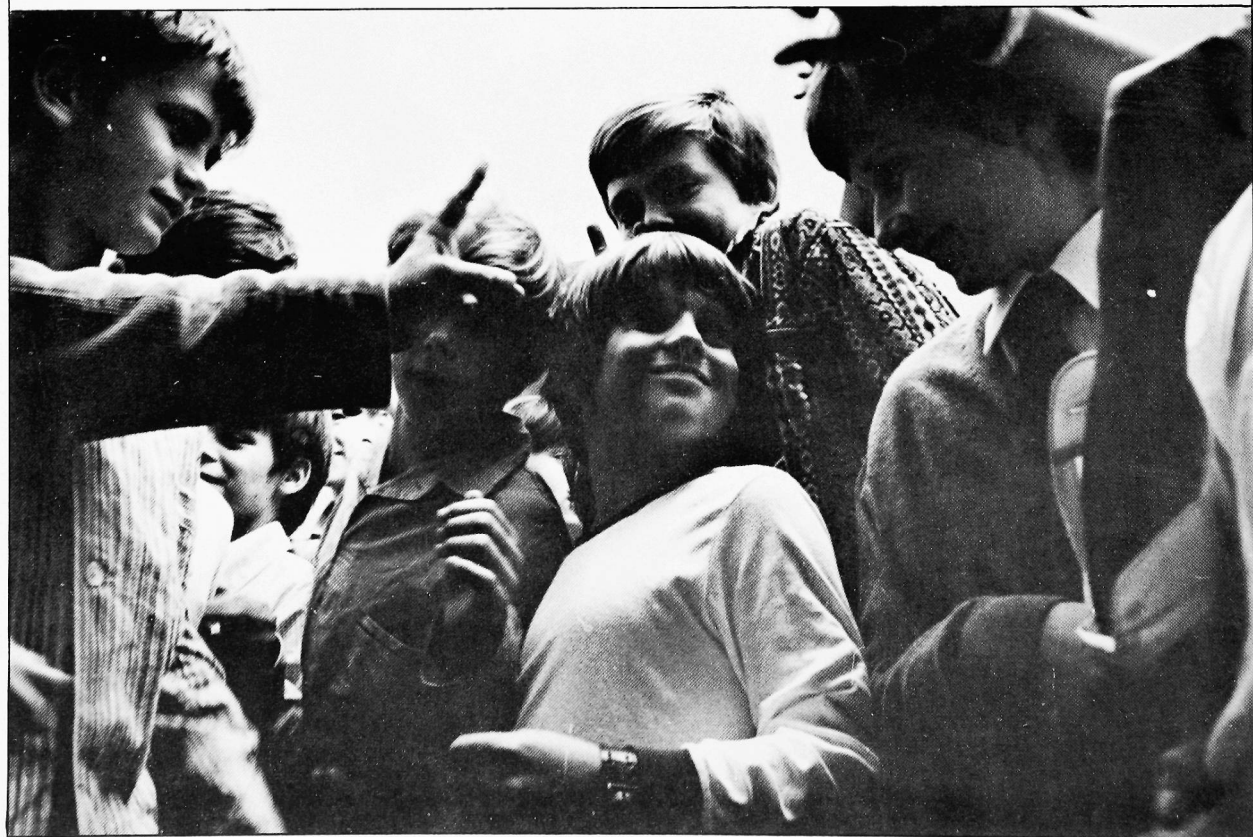
We feel two heads are better than one.  
We figure if two people set out to achieve  
goals, they might come easier.

We know you work hard for your  
money. We know things don't come  
easily. And that's what we mean by,  
"You and the Commerce. Together  
we're both stronger."



CANADIAN IMPERIAL  
BANK OF COMMERCE

**You and the Commerce.  
Together we're both stronger.**





COMPLIMENTS OF

**PRATTE, HOULE, METHOT, PROTEAU,  
DOZOIS, MORISSETTE INC.**

Chartered Insurance Brokers

COMPLETE INSURANCE SERVICE

COMMERCIAL — RESIDENTIAL — INDUSTRIAL

JACQUES MORRISSETTE, C.I.B.  
President

JOSEPH KOCISKO, C.I.B.  
Vice-President

801 Sherbrooke Street East, Room 404, Montreal, Que.

Telephone: 527-2424

*Compliments of*

Specialities:

Dry Cured  
Bacon

Double  
Smoked Hams



Green Hills  
Farm

Registered  
Hereford  
Cattle

BUTCHERS & PACKERS

W.W. 1. Nichol

H.H. Nichol



WOVEN NAMES



CASH'S CANADA LABELS  
LIMITED

2120 CABOT STREET  
MONTREAL, 20, P.Q.

*Oswald Drinkwater & Graham Ltd.  
and  
Graham Armstrong Securities Ltd.*

*Sun Life Building  
1155 Metcalfe Street, Montreal 110*

*L'Edifice Sun Life  
1155, rue Metcalfe, Montréal 110*

*Telephone  
(514) 878-2311*

Compliments of

*Markrite* OF CANADA, INC.  
7385 HARLEY AVENUE — MONTREAL 262, CANADA  
TELEPHONES: 489-8677







YOU WOULD LIKE  
YOUR STAY  
AT

## La Paysanne Motel



LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

## BOWN LUMBER INC.

General Millwork  
Mouldings • Cabinets  
Industrial Specialties  
Doors and Windows  
Plywood, Wallboard,  
Construction Lumber,  
and General Building  
Supplies.

•  
Sherwin Williams Paint

28 Conley Street  
Tel.: 569-9978  
LENNOXVILLE

COMPLIMENTS

OF...

**c l e r m o n t**

M O T O R L I M I T E D

5363, rue Saint-Denis / Montréal

Tél. 279-6301

Chevrolet  
Oldsmobile  
Chevelle  
Chevy Nova  
Camaro  
Vega  
Chevrolet Trucks

Established in 1916

**SHERBROOKE LAUNDRY  
AND DRY CLEANERS LTD.**

FRONTENAC STREET

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Complete Line of Linen and Garments  
for Professional, Commercial and  
Manufacturing Establishments.  
Continuous Towel and Cabinet Service



**Phone: 562-2633**

*Compliments of*

**CRESSWELL-POMEROY LIMITED**

553 LEON HARMEL STREET.,  
GRANBY, QUEBEC

Manufacturers of cold rolled sections in ferrous  
and non-ferrous metals; metal mouldings; formed  
and fabricated aluminum, copper, stainless  
steel.





**Compliments**

**of**

**ASBESTOS CORPORATION LIMITED**

**THETFORD MINES, QUEBEC**

*Compliments of*

## **LESSARD BUS LINES INC.**

4 Massawippi St.  
Lennoxville, Que.

### **DAILY SERVICE**

Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Birchton, Cookshire, Sawyerville

### **CHARTER BUS TRIPS ANYWHERE**

President:

Arthur Lessard  
Res. 569-7789

Office Tel.  
569-3380



COMPLIMENTS

OF

**DOR - STEVE**  
**WOOD PRODUCTS INC.**





JEAN-PIERRE CARTIER

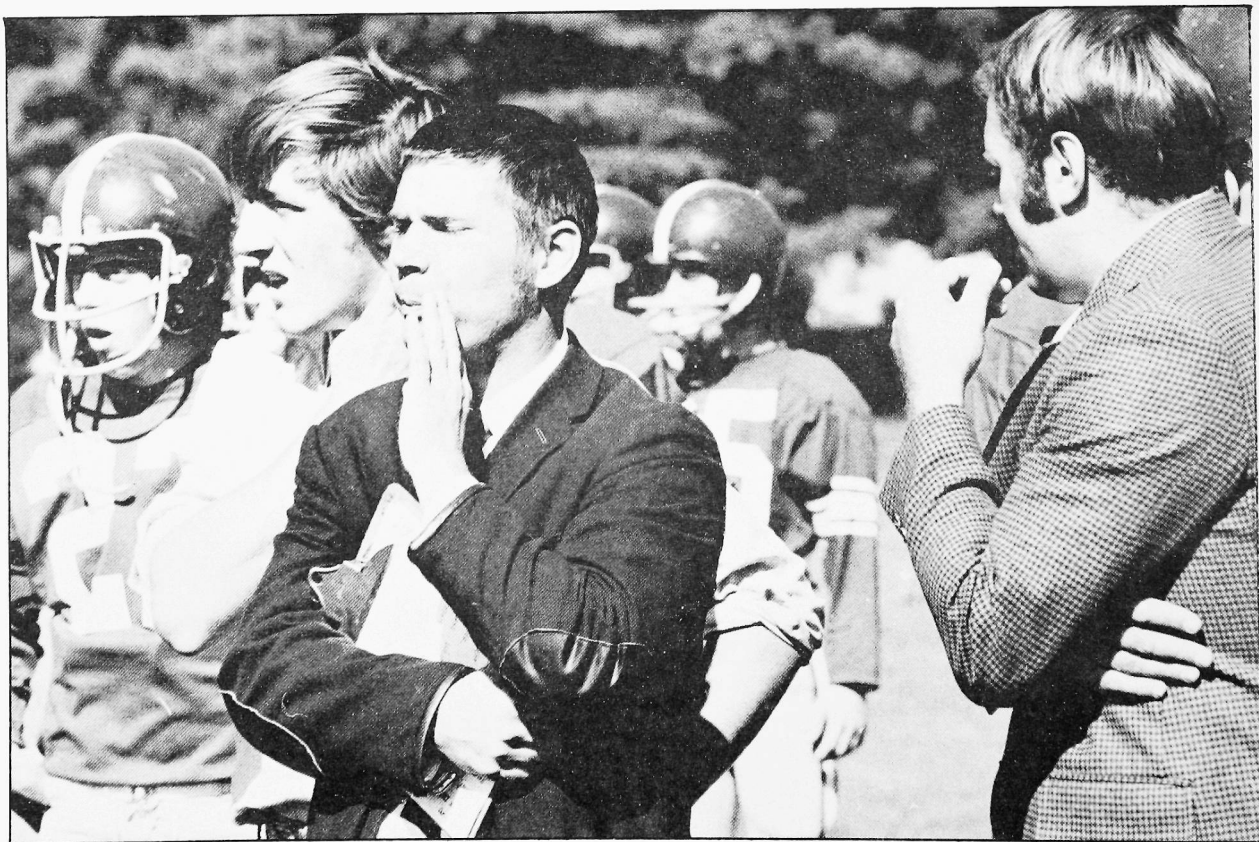
## HEY MAN!

I'm at Le Chateau,  
So if, by chance, you happen to stop by,  
And let me lay some boss threads on you  
And you split clean as a whistle  
With bread left over even,  
Don't thank me man, I just work here!

## LE CHATEAU

The Store Within a Store at  
AU BON MARCHE

45 King West  
Sherbrooke





# Howarth's

of Canada Limited

*Specializing in School Outfits*



*Also*

- **Haberdashers**
- **Custom Tailors**
- **Made to Measure Clothing**
- **Custom Shirts**

*You are cordially invited  
to Visit our  
Newly Renovated Store*

## Howarth's

of Canada Limited

1444 ST. CATHERINE ST. W.,  
MONTREAL 107, P. Q.

TELEPHONE: 861-9242

TELEPHONE: 861-9243

---

**OPEN SATURDAYS UNTIL 5:00 P.M.**

*Compliments of*

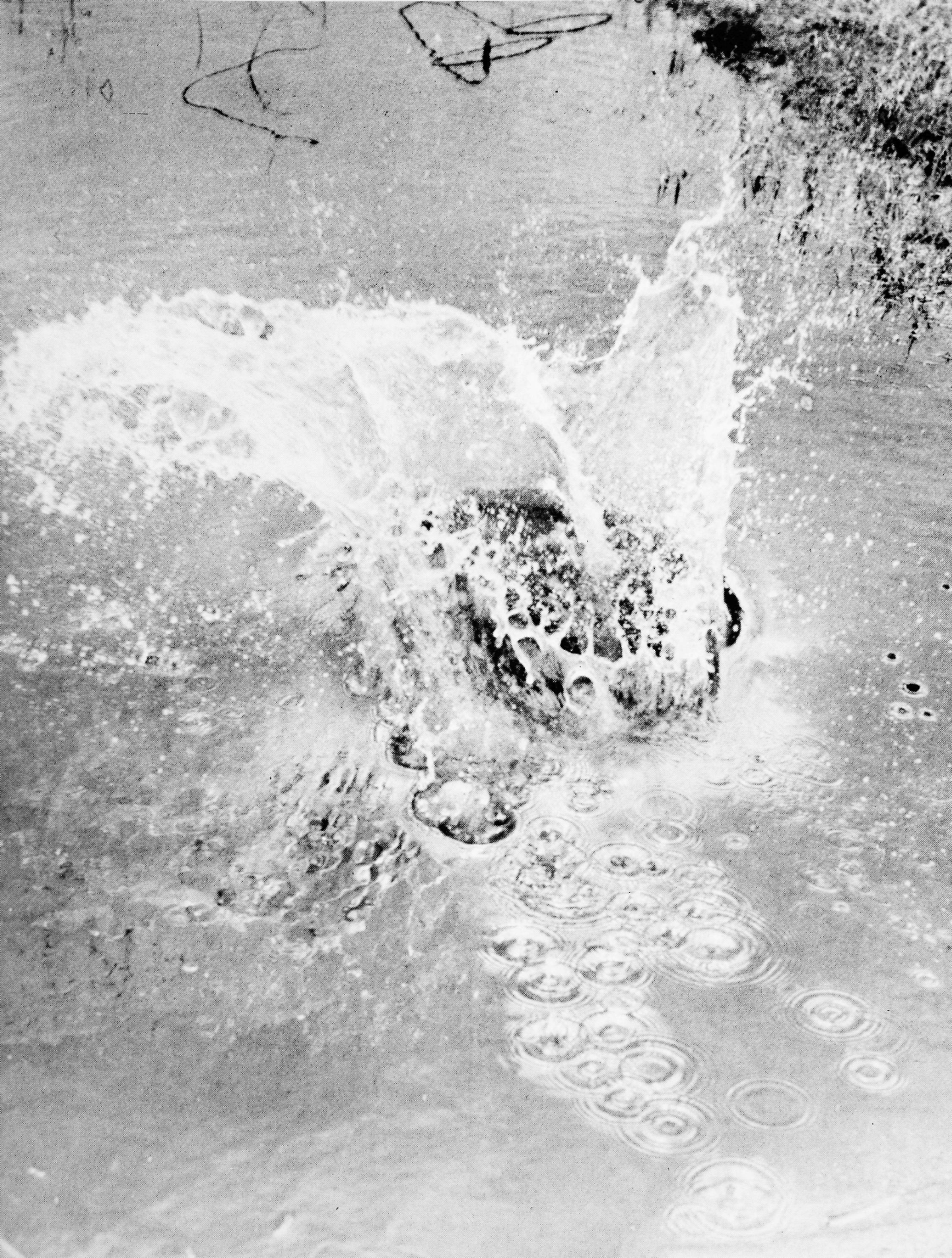
**MONTREAL PHONO Co. Ltd.**

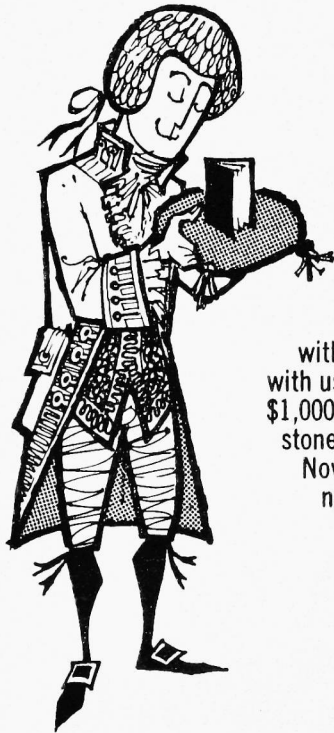
4000 St. Patrick St.,

Montreal 206,

Quebec



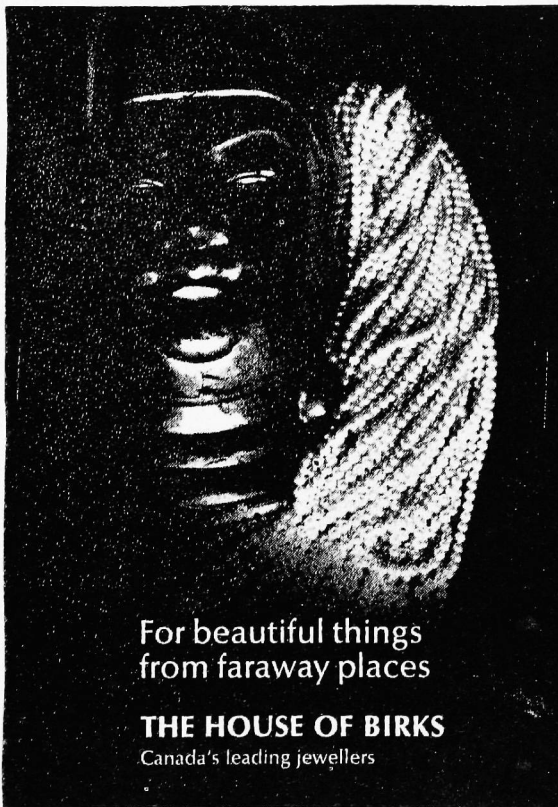




## Your savings account book, sir...

At Scotiabank we don't pass out your savings account book on a red-velvet cushion . . . nor does a symphony orchestra play when you open an account with us. But we will do everything we can to make banking with us a pleasant experience . . . whether you deposit \$1.00 or \$1,000. A regular savings habit can be an important stepping-stone to success. Why not save regularly at The Bank of Nova Scotia? Many thousands of young people do – and now is a good time to join them.

*Scotia* **BANK**  
THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA



For beautiful things  
from faraway places

**THE HOUSE OF BIRKS**  
Canada's leading jewellers

## COMMERCIAL PLASTICS & SUPPLY CORP.

(QUEBEC) LIMITED



Plastics for Industry



5655 De Maisonneuve Blvd. W.,  
Montreal 260, Que.  
Tel.: 489-9738



*Congratulations and Best Wishes from*

## CLARK'S PHARMACY REG'D

D. M. PATRICK, L.Ph., Prop.

PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

R

Telephone  
569-3601

111 QUEEN STREET

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.





Compliments of

**ROMA  
PIZZERIA**

*Compliments of*

**OKILL STUART & CO. LTD.**

REAL ESTATE BROKERS

6 EDISON AVENUE  
AT RIVERSIDE DRIVE

ST-LAMBERT  
MONTREAL 23, P.Q.

**E. A. WHITEHEAD LTD.**

**Insurance**

**BROKERS & ADVISORS**

HEAD OFFICE: PLACE DU CANADA

MONTREAL 101, - Tel.; 878-4331

BRANCHES: TORONTO - CALGARY - VANCOUVER

MONTREAL - WHITEHORSE



*Compliments of*

A. SETLAKWE LTD.,

THETFORD MINES, P.Q.





the Royal Bank  
is the helpful bank

*Mary*

Why not let us prove it to you? Whether it's to open an account or simply for good advice, Manager Yvan Caron, or one of his staff will be pleased to help. Drop in to our branch in Lennoxville soon.



OPEN  
ALL YEAR

LUNCH  
DINNER  
FINE SPIRITS

NORTH HATLEY, P.Q.

Tel. 842-2325

A hi-fi system is only as good as its turntable. The best amplifier and speakers can't change sour notes into sweet music. All they can do is amplify the distortion from an inferior turntable.



## turntable

That's why experts insist on BSR McDonald by the world's largest maker of automatic turntables. They're made in Great Britain by precision craftsmen who put the accent on flawless quality.

You'll find such professional features as cueing and pause control, micrometer stylus pressure adjuster, dynamic anti-skate control, a vernier adjustable counterweight, just to mention a few.

But if technical terms confuse you, forget them. Just remember the name BSR McDonald. They cost no more . . . so if anyone tries to sell you a hi-fi system with any other turntable . . . sound off.

Write for detailed specifications, and name of nearest dealer.



SOLE  
CANADIAN  
DISTRIBUTORS



**MUSIMART**

OF CANADA, LIMITED

970 McEACHRAN AVE., MONTREAL 154. IN U.S.A., BSR (USA) LTD., BLAUVELT, N.Y.



STUDIO SEARS  
Photographie commerciale  
commercial photography

**ANDRÉ BALDINI**  
TECHN. PHOTO

- *Mariage couleur*
- *Portrait*

139, Frontenac – Sherbrooke, Qué. **562-0900**





# DIRECTORY

Albert, Andrew	P.O. Box 1136, Lennoxville, P. Que.	Dunn, Peter	185 Vimy Street, Sherbrooke, P. Que.
Apostolides, John	420 Graham Boulevard, Town of Mount Royal, Montreal 304, P. Que.	Dupuy, Louis-Paul	426 Mercille Avenue, St. Lambert, Que.
Ardill, David	Box 249, Kingston 8, Jamaica	Duquet, Jean-Paul	3560 Atwater Avenue, Montreal 109, P. Que.
Artiss, Scott	3019 Kalakava Ave., Apt. 12, Honolulu, Hawaii	Dussault, Pierre	606 des Pins, Magog, P. Que.
Asselman, Philip	3450 King Edward Drive, Montreal 262, P. Que.	Duval, Bernard	23 Fernlea Crescent, Town of Mount Royal
Atkins, John	P.O. Box 2187, Jeddah, Saudi Arabia	Eddy, Richard	P.O. Box 270, Bathurst, New Brunswick
Atkinson, Christopher	129 Tylee Road, Rosemere, P. Que.	Evans, Alan	Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P. Que.
Barakett, Marc	2425 Laviolette Boulevard, Trois-Rivieres, P. Que.	Farakuki, Bill	4277 De Maisonneuve Blvd. W., Montreal 215, P. Que.
Barden, David Bruce	5654 Queen Mary Road, Hamstead, Montreal 254, P. Que.	Francis, John	3120 Daulac Road, Montreal 217, P. Que.
Barré, Luc	1 Harrow Place, Beaconsfield, Place, P. Que.	Fraser, Scott	P.O. Box 164, Piedmont, P. Que.
Barwick, Aird	300 Lansdowne Avenue, Westmount 215, P. Que.	Fray, Brian	755 Montpelier, Apartment 906, Ville St. Laurent, P. Que.
Bédard, Mark	Bisnop's College School, Lennoxville, P. Que.	Frosst, Myles	80 Celtic Drive, Beaconsfield 870, P. Que.
Bey, Tass	746 Upper Lansdowne Avenue, Westmount 217, Montreal, P. Que.	Fuller, Jamie	457 Argyle Avenue, Montreal 217, P. Que.
Boiteau, Daniel	861 Bellevue, St. Foy, Quebec 10, P. Que.	Fuller, David	17 Park Avenue, Lennoxville, P. Que.
Bonser, Peter	247 Du Marquis Street, Tracy, P. Que.	Gafers, John	93-43 Seventy-First Drive, Forest Hills, New York, 11375, U.S.A.
Bowden, William	926 Coulomb Street, Arvida, P. Que.	Gale, John	c/o Alcan (U.K.) Limited, P.O. Box 6, Ashington, Northumberland, England
Bowie, George	96 Eardley Road, Aylmer, P. Que.	Gauvin, Marc	Canadian Embassy, 4 Ghennadiou Street, Athens 140, GREECE
Bremner, Dean	3 Hudson Avenue, Westmount, P. Que.	Ghans, Wayne	2206 Beverley Road, Brooklyn, New York 11226 U.S.A.
Brooke, Peter	7 Holtham Road, Hampstead, Montreal 254, P. Que.	Gilbert, Scott	11 Carillon Street, Dollard des Ormeaux, Roxboro 970, P. Que.
Busse, Henri	177 Lakeshore Road, Pointe Claire, P. Que.	Gilchrist, Alan	c/o Acres Canadian Bechtel, Churchill Falls, Labrador
Clermont, Pierre Michel	236 Simcoe Avenue, Town of Mount Royal, Montreal 305, P. Que.	Gillis, Jere	1381 Athlone Road, Montreal 305, P. Que.
Cloutier, Derek	3940 Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal 109, P. Que.	Glass, Richard	Massawippi, P. Que.
Coté, Denis	2350 Des Cascades, Sherbrooke, P. Que.	Goodfellow, Charles Ian	364 Lakeshore Road, Ville de Lery, P. Que.
Courey, David	5041 Notre Dame Street, Trois-Rivieres, P. Que.	Graham, Andrew	492 Strathcona Avenue, Westmount, Montreal 217, P. Que.
Cross, Steven	3065 Glencoe Avenue, Montreal, P. Que.	Graham, Boyd	702 Upper Roslyn Avenue, Montreal 217, P. Que.
Davies, Lyall	374 Mimosa Avenue, Dorval, Pointe Claire, P. Que.	Graham, Anthony	1550 McGregor Avenue, Apartment PH-1, Montreal 109, P. Que.
Dixon, Michael	61 Pine Avenue, Hudson, P. Que.		

Graham, Stephen	579 Rockhill Crescent, Beaconsfield, Que.	LaRiva, Carlos	P.O. Box 6119, Congreso de la Republica, Caracas, Venezuela
Graul, Robert	18 Forest Heights Blvd., Willowdale, Ontario	Law, Clive	4815 Wilson Avenue, Montreal 253, P. Que.
Guy, Wayne	2030 Grey Ave., Westmount, Montreal 261, P. Que.	Lawee, Philip Ronald	694 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, Montreal 217, P. Que.
Hallward, Graham	3118 Davlac Road, Montreal 218, P. Que.	Lefebvre, Michel	511 Abelard, Apartment 204, Montreal 201, P. Que.
Hamel, Phillippe	P.O. Box 70, Warren Street, Knowlton, P. Que.	Leger, Paul	2292 Rockland Road, Town of Mount Royal, P. Que.
Harrison, Lee	194 Sherwood Road, Beaconsfield, Ste. Anne de Bellevue 880, P. Que.	Lewin, Nicky	P.O. Box 86, Piedmont, P. Que.
Haskell, Richard	13503 - 81st Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta	Lewis, Simon Nicholas	28 Woodlawn Ave., Toronto, Ontario
Hibbard, Jamie	20038 Lakeshore Road, Baie d'Urfé, P. Que.	Lightfine, Dickon	Derby Road, Wayne, Illinois, USA 60184
Hodgson, Randy	68 Rosemount Crescent, Westmount, P. Que.	Lomasney, Nicholas	Frost Mill Road, Mill Neck, N.Y. 11765 U.S.A.
Horner, David	65 Longworth Avenue, Truro, Nova Scotia	Lunney, Stephen	R.R. No. 2, Redhead, Saint John, New Brunswick
Horricks, Bill	42 Beckler Avenue, La Tuque, P. Que.	Lynch, Thomas	440 Marlatt Street, Montreal 378, P. Que.
Hsi, Richard	No. 1 Maramar Villa, 9th Floor, Stubbs Road, Hong Kong	McConnell, Fraser	P.O. Box 550, Porto Bello, Montego Bay, Jamaica
Hucl, Pierre	c/o Air Canada, Hotel Metropole, Room 383, Moscow, USSR	McDonagh, David	West Indies 4556 - 7th Street, Chomedey, P. Que.
Ilisley, Robert	172 Juniper Street, Beaconsfield, P. Que.	McGee, Gordon	2875 Seaview Road, Victoria, B.C.
Jacobson, Howard	5764 Smart Avenue, Cote St. Luc, Montreal 268, P. Que.	McGuire, Richard	207 Calais Drive, Baie d'Urfé, Ste. Anne de Bellevue 850, P. Que.
Jarjour, Peter	1822 Norway Road, Montreal 306, P. Que.	McIntosh, Rick	2314 Ridgecrest Place, Ottawa 8, Ontario
Jervis-Read, Timothy	Box 721, Lennoxville, P. Que.	McQuade, Charles Bruce	50 Lakeshore Road, Beaconsfield, P. Que.
Kerson, Harlan	P.O. Box 9, Ste. Marguerite Station, P. Que.	Magor, Graeme	322 Stanstead Crescent, Town of Mount Royal, P. Que.
Kirkwood, Thomas	563 Lakeshore Road, Beaconsfield, Ste. Anne de Bellevue 870, P. Que.	Marchuk, Peter	P.O. Box 659, Hudson, P. Que.
Kirschbaum, Alain	3456 Carré Rochon, St. Foy, Quebec 10, P. Que.	Matson, Kevin	P.O. Box 1215, Lennoxville, P. Que.
Kredl, Larry	290 Sommervall Gardens, Pointe Claire, P. Que.	Medland, Michael Mark	27 Belvidere Street, Lennoxville, P. Que.
Laframboise, Pete	82 Oakland Drive, Beaconsfield, P. Que.	Mein, Bruce	99 Brittany Ave., Montreal 304, P. Que.
Lalonde, Daniel	Apartment 1601, 4998 de Maisonneuve Blvd. W., Westmount, Montreal 215, P. Que.	Messier, Brian	2130 Fradet Street, Drummondville South, P. Que.
Lam, Sydney	5D Victory Avenue, Sixth Floor, Kowloon, Hong Kong	Michel, Mark	7 Roselawn Crescent, Town of Mount Royal, Montreal 304, P. Que.
Langill, Robert	404 Stream Avenue, Dorval, P. Que.	Miller, Ian	R.R. No. 2, West Brome, P. Que.
Large, Ross	Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P. Que.	Monk, Alan	No. 1 Crescent Road, Granby, P. Que.

Morales-Bello, David	Edificio Santa Maria, Oficina 4, Torre A Veroes, Caracas, Venezuela 706 Desnoyers Street, Montreal 207, P. Que.	Sayer, David	3555 Atwater Avenue, Apartment 404, Montreal, P. Que.
Morris, Michael	184 Oriole Avenue, Rosemere, P. Que.	Scott, Ian	551 Merry Street South, Magog, P. Que.
Mulherin, Stephen	Rua Joaquim, Nabuco 154, Apartment 102, Rio de Janeiro, GB, Brazil	Scott, William	770 Pine Avenue, Bathurst, New Brunswick 7291 - 19th Avenue, Montreal 453, P. Que.
Murchison, David	70 St. Louis Avenue, Beaconsfield, P. Que. Apartment 1601, 4998 de Maisonneuve Blvd., Westmount, Montreal 215, P. Que.	Serventi, Joseph	213 Alfred Street, Thetford Mines, P. Que.
Murphy, Russell	807 Upper Belmont Avenue, Montreal 217, P. Que.	Seveigny, Frank	6 de Bienville Avenue, Baie Comeau, P. Que.
Murphy, David	5970 Emscotte Drive, Halifax, Nova Scotia	Sewell, Brian	21 Madsen Avenue, Beaconsfield, P. Que.
Murray, Ricky	4300 de Maisonneuve Blvd., Apartment 101, Montreal, P. Que.	Shupe, Michael	54 Finchley Road, Hampstead 254, P. Que.
Norwood, Tobias	302 Chemin du Bois, Box 189, Piedmont, P. Que. Co. Terrebonne	Simpkin, Charles	Montreal Phono Company, 4000 St. Patrick Street, Montreal, P. Que.
Notman, Hugh	116-66 Park Lane South, Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11418, U.S.A.	Simkovits, Harvey	1241 Fletcher Avenue, Chomedy, Laval, P. Que.
Ostrom, Peter	80 Heritage Road, Beaconsfield, P. Que. P.O. Box 1396, Port Cartier, P. Que.	Singer, Steven	1061 Des Rochers Street, Sherbrooke, P. Que.
Park, Derek Ashley	77 Jasper Road, Beaconsfield, P. Que.	Singleton, Peter	5700 Queen Mary Road, Hampstead, Montreal 254, P. Que.
Patterson, Peter	510 Lakeshore Road, Beaconsfield, P. Que.	Smith, Peter	362 Alfred Street, Thetford Mines, Beaudesert, Paget, Bermuda
Peniston, Charles	305 Laird Boulevard, Town of Mount Royal, Montreal 1305, P. Que.	Smith, Lanny	Apartment 104, 519 De Gaspé Street, Nun's Island, Montreal 201, P. Que.
Petersen, Ben	86 Grey Street, Fredericton, N.B.	Smith, Robbie	645 Graham Boulevard, Town of Mount Royal, Montreal 304, P. Que.
Pollock, Bruce	4449 Montrose Avenue, Montreal 217, P. Que.	Smith, Kelly	4111 - 117th Street, Edmonton, Alberta
Pollock, Richard	42 Sunnyside Avenue, Westmount, Montreal 217, P. Que.	Snyder, Brent	1045 Moncton Avenue, Quebec 6, P. Que.
Ponder, Charles	St. Armand, P. Que.	Sparrow, Curtis	
Price, Timothy	123 François Rive, Nun's Island, Montreal 201, Que.	Speth, Ranier Denis Alex	
Reardon, Kenneth	Palisadoes Airport, Kingston, Jamaica	Stairs, Denis	1385 Gordon Avenue, Peterborough, Ontario
Rich, Peter	122 Blondin Street, Ste. Adele-en-bas, P. Que.	Stairs, Alan John	765 Lexington Avenue, Westmount, Montreal, P. Que.
Ritchie, Bruce	1125 Dominion Avenue, Sherbrooke, P. Que.	Stenason, David	316 Pinetree Crescent, Beaconsfield, P. Que.
Roberts, David	10955 James Morrice Street, Montreal, P. Que.	Stephen, Mark	P.O. Box N7789, Nassau, N.P., Bermuda
Robinson, Neil	267 Victoria Street, Thurso, P. Que.	Stewart, Guthrie	P.O. Box 997, 39 Church Street, Lennoxville, P. Que.
Romer, Mark		Stewart-Patterson, Christopher	Chateau Apartments, 1321 Sherbrooke St. West, Apartment C-20, Montreal 109, P. Que.
Ross, Tony		Stoker, Dacre	40 Forden Crescent, Westmount, P. Que.
Rossy, Bruce		Taboika, Victor	Moulton Hill, Lennoxville, P. Que.
Salt, Brenton		Tardi, Frank	439 Stannock Avenue, T.M.R., Montreal 304, P. Que.
		Thatcher, James	"Pedregal" Tamarind Vale, Warwick Bermuda



Thraves, David	Box 646, Sackville, New Brunswick
Thomson, Graeme	30 Gables Court, Beaconsfield, P. Que.
Tinari, Paul	4998 de Maisonneuve Blvd. W., Apartment 1216, Westmount, Montreal 215, P. Que.
Tooth, Patrick	P.O. Box 4518, Nassau, Bahamas
Tsai, Robert	Flat D-1, Summit Court, 10th Floor, 156 Tin Hau Temple Rd., Hong Kong
Vaughan, Richard David	Pleasant Valley, Cambridge, Vermont, USA — 05444
Vineberg, David	1565 Dominion Avenue, Sherbrooke, P. Que.
White, Robert	24 Princess Avenue, Willowdale, Ontario
White, John	188 Westmount Blvd., Moncton, New Brunswick
Winterson, Gregg	79 Les Chenaux, Vaudreuil, P. Que.
Wojatsek, Andrew	23 Speid Street, Lennoxville, P. Que.
Wolvin, Roy	42 Senneville Road, Senneville, P. Que.
Wilmer, Philip Fergus	Ste. Anne de Bellevue 830 115 Hawthorne Drive, Baie d'Urfé, Ste. Anne de Bellevue 850, P. Que.
Wright, Michael	610 Montgoermy Avenue, Riverview, Albert County, New Brunswick
Yoon, Winston	376 Touzin Avenue, Dorval, P. Que.
Zinay, Michael	4300 de Maisonneuve Blvd., Suite 132, Westmount, Montreal 215, P. Que.



# THE END









